

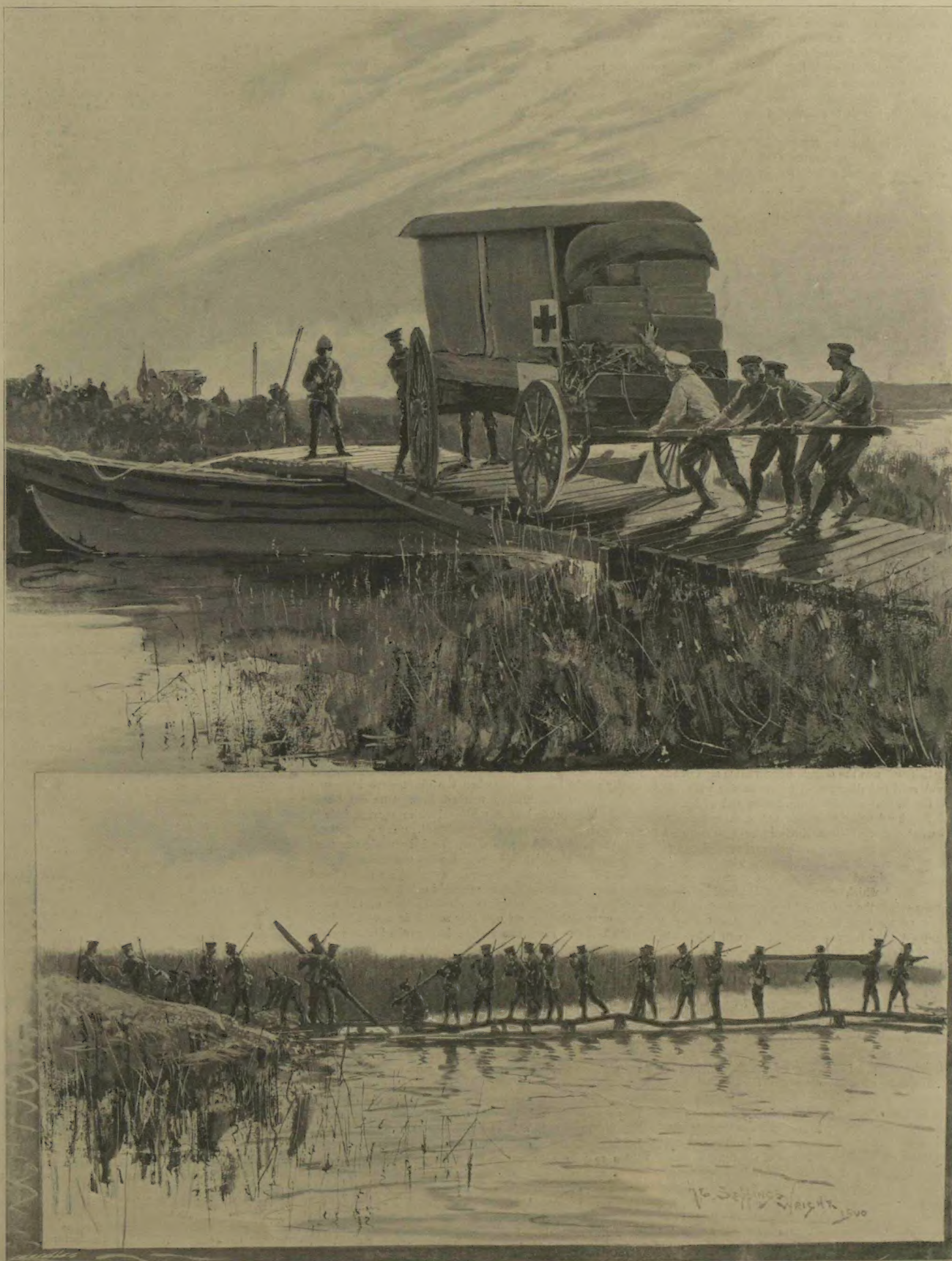
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: THE CONSTRUCTION OF A BRIDGE OVER A CREEK NEAR THE PEI-HO RIVER.

Drawn by H. C. Seppings Wright from Photographs received from China.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I have no personal acquaintance with the Hooligan; but he is very well known to some friends of mine. One of them has written a book about him—"Young Alf" it is called—a biographical sketch so lifelike that the author is suspected of practising Hooliganism as a secret vice. He says now that the real Alf has threatened to "bash" his head; but the sceptics smile, and hint at a double life. Deacon Brodie was an example to his fellow-citizens by day and a housebreaker by night. I shall be truly distressed if the police should arrest young Alf for some trifling misdemeanour, and he should prove to be the very promising scribe whose mind I have done my best to train. Another friend has done some practical work, of the social salvage order, amongst the Hooligans for many years. He has sent a considerable number of them into the Army, and he has told me that when he was performing his duties of war-correspondent in South Africa, nothing pleased him more than to hear the cheery hail, "Hullo, captain! how goes it?" and to recognise in the smart young "Tommy," grinning with delighted welcome, one of his desperate Hooligans, snatched from the slums of Southwark.

Here, surely, is the true remedy for an evil that is pressing with growing insistence upon our social reformers. The Hooligan is in his prime between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. When he appears before the magistrate on the usual charge of assaulting inoffensive citizens, let him be sentenced to compulsory military service. He is better in a barracks than in a reformatory. As a recruit he will be entirely free from any associations of the law-breaker. They will neither crush his spirit nor harden his heart. He will enter on a life that will make a man of him and something more. Lord Roberts tells us that the troops in South Africa have borne themselves like heroes on the battlefield, and "like gentlemen on all other occasions." We don't expect our Continental censors to accept this. There is Professor Bettink, for instance, who favours me with still another letter, and still more ignorant nonsense about Lord Roberts's likeness to Alva. What says the classic humorist?—

If you have tears, then wipe away those tears;
If you have none, then wipe away that none.

If you have not a leg to stand on, stand on it all the same. In this graceful and impressive attitude Professor Bettink throws out hints as to the starvation of Boer women and children. There are no starving women and children. Soldiers who behave like gentlemen do not maltreat the helpless, although helplessness can scarcely be numbered among the characteristics of the Boer woman.

If we can weed the Hooligan out of the slums, and make this flower of him in the Army, why should such a work be hampered by the strange misconception of what is called "militarism"? I have met people who have gravely assured me that the disorder in the London streets, when we welcomed the City Imperial Volunteers, was due to the brutalisation of the democracy by this war. I thought it was due to the absent-minded indolence of officials, who sent police and volunteers to keep an open way for the procession an hour or two after the crowds were in full mastery of the streets. At night a great many revellers, chiefly young girls, thrust into my face the popular toys that are known as "ticklers"; but it did not strike me that the "tickler" was the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual disgrace of going to war with Mr. Kruger. I wish that a London crowd were not so fond of horseplay and head-splitting noise; but I should like to know at what point of time, during the last five-and-twenty years, it has conducted its nocturnal rejoicings on a more refined and artistic plan. To anyone who recalls the squirt, which introduced dirty water into your ear, or the "back-scratcher," which sent a most displeasing shock through your spine, the "tickler" is a symbol of uplifted taste. War or no war, if there be occasion for great throngs to parade the London streets, they will behave in this way and no other; and if you can conceive a war that everybody held to be righteous, its successes would be celebrated by these urban pastimes.

In a great city you must make an exceptional allowance for human nature, especially the human nature of a multitude that aggravates its own emotions by sheer pressure of numbers. Considering those numbers, and the official ineptitude on the red-letter day of the C.I.V., London has no reason to sit with ashes on her head because of any criticism, domestic or foreign. The Hooligans may have amused themselves with "ugly rushes"; but there was also a good deal of quiet chivalry. An adventurous lady of my acquaintance, who has a perfect passion for mobs, found herself in one of the tightest places near Ludgate Circus. Presently she felt the pressure slackening. Several muscular champions had silently edged themselves into such a position as to form a hollow square, in the middle of which she breathed in comparative comfort. When the procession was over, they escorted her gravely to the nearest station of the "Twopenny Tube," looking, she said afterwards, "as if they thought me harmlessly insane, but were too polite to say so."

That is a pretty good example of what Madame Sarah Grand calls "the disinterested desire to please." This, she says, is the surest fountain of happiness. Alas! how few of us are athirst for it! Lady Geraldine Ramsden, who writes in the *Nineteenth Century* to show wealthy women how to dress well and economically on £500 a year, relates that she saw a party of three in a restaurant, two of them ladies, discussing dress with animation; the third a man, sitting "sad and silent." After an hour of this occupation, one of the ladies rose and led him out. He was blind. Is the disinterested desire to please the blind satiated by routine, except in the blind man's dog? The dog, as far as I have observed him, is never weary of well-doing, unless he is a Hooligan impostor out of Seven Dials, like the dog in Mr. Stephen Townsend's delicious story, "A Thoroughbred Mongrel," which no lover of dogs ought to miss. A little Cockney brute, known to his intimates by habits of intemperance as "Drunken Billy," is passed off as a Mexican dog of the rarest breed, and deceives not only his proud possessor, but even a rural dog-show. Moralists will be glad to learn that his craving for gin involves exposure, and that he reforms and leads a higher life as a ratter. In these days of unreadable novels about impossible human beings, this dog-story is a refreshment that I hasten to pass round the circle which recognises my disinterested desire to please.

I take another draught from that fountain of happiness by meekly acknowledging a withering reproof from a correspondent at Lynton, who is familiar with birds. In a parenthesis lately (into what melancholy lapses does the parenthesis beguile us!) I used the word "migrant" as if I had invented it. "Were you not wool-gathering?" asks my remorseless critic. "Migrant" has been in common use in bird books and biological works for years. As to the suggested analogy with 'vagrant,' a vagrant does not yet vagrate, thank Heaven! For when he does, another ugly Latinism will have arrived to grate upon our musical Saxon speech." After that there is nothing for it but to lie down, and let the waters of disdain roll over me. I feel as the Bank of England must have felt when Leigh Hunt accosted the stately officials in the bank parlour (a party in a parlour, all silent and all—but this is another parenthesis!) with this startling apostrophe: "And are you content to sit here, and never see the green fields and the trees and flowers and all the charming country?" I feel as if Cowper had me in his eye when he wrote contemptuously of people from town who find in the country only "hideous nurseries of spleen," and are impatient to flee before it has yielded to them even the least of its secrets. How many of us have any better acquaintance with birds than may be gained by a casual inspection, assisted by a cigarette, of the aviary at the Hôtel Métropole, Brighton? If I had any knowledge of bird-language I should interview the paroquets there, and learn what they think of the ornithology of the visitors.

Some twenty years ago, as I learn from Mr. Augustus Hare's voluminous but entertaining autobiography, the "disinterested desire to please" in high society found expression in ghost stories. Such a remarkable collection of creepy legends as Mr. Hare's shows that there was scarcely a family in his wide circle of acquaintance that was unsupplied with ghosts. In some cases they were so familiar as to breed not contempt, but indifference. A family might be at dinner when the ghost gave his usual performance, and nobody marked him. One ghost-seer asked a bishop the best way to deal with a spectral lady in blue, who had become rather persistent. "Try sympathy," said the kindly bishop; so when the lady made her next appearance, her host said, "Pray, what can I do for you, Madam?" whereupon she smiled a "seraphic smile," and was seen no more. This is certainly a better example for the treatment of ghostly visitors than that of the hasty person who, finding an old lady seated in his arm-chair, when he knew there was no old lady in the house, rudely sat down upon her. The sympathetic treatment was adopted in a novel called "Cecilia" (if I remember rightly), by the author of "Mademoiselle Ixe," and it was the most moving ghost story I have ever read.

Mr. Hare's stories, admirably told, have a curious impress of circumstantial evidence. He has heard many of them from the actual witnesses or their immediate relations or friends. One of them concerns a gentleman who was driving with a companion at night, and lost the way in the dark. Perceiving a stray light in the distance, they drove up to a house that was brilliantly illuminated. There seemed to be a fancy-dress ball in progress, and the host, in mediæval costume, came to the door and pressed them to join his guests. When they declined he sent a footman to put them on the right road. "Give the man half-a-crown," said the driver to his friend. The half-crown was dropped into the footman's hand, and went right through it. Footman, host, and the fancy-dress ball were all unearthly. I want to know what that wraith of a servant thought when the coin slipped through a hand made of air. The "disinterested desire to please" could have given him no pleasure.

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

It does not appear that Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee is making any rapid headway with the operations in the Chi-li province, and there still seems to be a notable lack of cohesion and harmony among the Allied forces. From Tientsin comes the unsatisfactory statement that "confusion, disorganisation, and absence of security continue to be the chief characteristic of the Allied occupation"; from Shan-hai-kwan comes the equally discouraging intelligence that considerable friction has arisen regarding the location of the various contingents, and it has been found necessary to appoint a special commission with a view to arriving at a settlement. Considering the interests at stake, and the undesirability of impressing the Chinese with the idea of divided counsels and more or less perpetual bickerings between the respective commanders, it is somewhat remarkable that Count von Waldersee has not asserted himself more freely as both a peacemaker and a supreme military head, at any rate so far as Chi-li is concerned.

Peking appears to have regained its normal tranquillity, and the natives are beginning to return to it in large numbers. There is no indication, however, of the likelihood of the Emperor's presence in his old capital for some considerable time to come. All advices from Si-ngan-fu, where the Imperial Court is now firmly fixed, tend to the belief that the Emperor will not be permitted to return to Peking so long as the latter is garrisoned by foreign troops. As the Allies are not likely to relinquish a hold which it has cost them so much to obtain, the situation as regards peace negotiations appears somewhat of an *impasse*, and not within measurable distance of satisfactory developments.

The most cheering news from China this week is from Hong-Kong, and to the effect that the East River rebels have moved up the river, and that the rising shows signs of dying out. The reformers appear to have discovered that they have not sufficient arms to carry on any but a desultory warfare, and it seems probable that the imperial troops, emboldened by this admission, will pluck up sufficient courage to attack and scatter a band which at one time threatened to become a very serious nuisance indeed. It is an interesting fact that many of the reformers have fled into Hong-Kong in order to escape the Canton authorities. No apprehension need, however, be felt as to the security of the Crown Colony, the garrison of which will be substantially increased during the winter months. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers from Peking and the 1st Bengal Lancers from Tientsin have recently arrived and gone into winter quarters.

A singularly significant announcement has just been made with respect to Manchuria. Admiral Alexeieff is stated to have invited China, through the medium of Li-Hung-Chang, to resume the government of the province "under the protection of Russia." As Dr. Morrison, of the *Times*, remarks, "protection in such cases spells empire," and no more open mockery of the Anglo-German Agreement is conceivable.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The course of events in South Africa continues to exhibit very few points of military interest other than those of painful personal significance. The guerrilla warfare has not sensibly abated, and we are still paying a tribute of valuable lives to the insensate distaste of the enemy for an honourable surrender. Such operations as are taking place hardly merit any detailed record, inasmuch as they are purely desultory in character, so far as the enemy are concerned, while in respect of the measures taken by Lord Roberts to bring the campaign finally to a conclusion, the methods of the Commander-in-Chief are hardly, as yet, sufficiently developed to enable one accurately to estimate the time they will take to be effective.

At the same time, the measures in question are extremely sound and instructive, and it is desirable they should be generally understood. Apart from the passage of important columns, such as those under the direction of Hunter, Rundle, French, and others, the policy of Lord Roberts during the past few weeks has been that of placing appreciable infantry and artillery garrisons in all the more important towns, and supplementing these by a liberal addition of mounted troops. The idea is that, while the infantry and guns can effectually prevent any of the sudden irruptions of marauding bands to which we have latterly been growing rather painfully accustomed, the mounted troops should scour the adjacent country, and, wherever possible, deal a sharp blow at any band they may succeed in circumventing.

This policy must eventually prove successful, although it is undeniably a costly and tedious one. Hitherto the Boer as a guerrilla has been mainly successful because he has been able from time to time to descend upon a town, and, without any appreciable trouble, to revictual himself. But under the altered conditions he will soon find this a much more difficult and dangerous process than it has been hitherto. The mere proximity of a marauding band to a township of any size will expose it to the unwelcome attentions of a force of mounted infantry which have learnt by bitter experience the tactics of their opponents; while any attempt to "rush" the town will necessitate just that sort of hand-to-hand fighting which the Boer does not greatly relish, and at which the British fighting-man is an acknowledged expert.

Among recent engagements one of the most conspicuous was a brisk tussle between the troops under Smith-Dorrien, commanding at Belfast, and the occupants of a Boer laager at Witkop. The General, after a most trying night march, on the evening of Nov. 1 succeeded in surprising the laager; but owing to the terribly inclement weather did not push his attack. During the retirement the Boers followed with great boldness, and we lost an officer and one man killed and two officers and twelve men wounded. The enemy, however, coming into the open, were more severely punished.

An indication of the future of South Africa is afforded by the announcement that the military authorities are taking ground at Bloemfontein for the erection of permanent barracks for 7000. Another interesting statement is to the effect that Lord Roberts, accompanied by the majority of his Staff, will leave for England by the troopship *Canada* on Nov. 20.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HEROD," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

In helping to augment the small stock of modern English stage-literature, in encouraging the dramatic essays of a gifted young poet like Mr. Stephen Phillips, it must be admitted Mr. Tree has shown dramatic enterprise that deserves the fullest acknowledgment; and this though both playwright and manager of Her Majesty's would seem fighting against the tendencies of the time when attempting to revive so moribund an art-form, so desperate an anachronism, as poetic tragedy. The theme selected, that of uxorious Herod's mad jealousy, his murder of his Queen, and unavailing remorse, is decidedly impressive, and Mr. Phillips has manipulated his subject with classic dignity and theatrical dexterity, has adorned it with fine spectacle and charming poetry. But this drama of "Herod," for all its pretty Keatsian conceits, for all its strong and ingenious situations, makes no irresistible appeal to the emotions: partly, perhaps, because the dramatist has to traverse ground already covered by Shakespeare, but mainly because his verse is simply decorative, never really dramatic—does not appear the inevitable expression of the thoughts and passions of his characters, but rather something external to the action supplied by the poet as mere embroidery. As the tragedy is practically a one-part play written round the half-barbaric, half-civilised figure of Herod, Mr. Tree has every opportunity in the title-role; and superficially regarded, his is a very clever piece of personation, but his unmagmatic voice is unequal to the necessary strain of continuous declamation. Apart from Mr. Tree, the only member of the cast who produces any memorable impression is Miss Maud Jeffries, and she solely because her Mariamne is so lovely a stage-picture. No, after all, Mr. Phillips's "Herod" will owe any vogue it attains not to exceptional dramatic merits, nor to fine acting, but to its beautiful stage-setting and the poetic reputation of its author.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE LYCEUM.

It is hard to believe that two years have passed since Mr. Lewis Waller produced at the Metropole Mr. Hamilton's adaptation of "The Three Musketeers," and so initiated the brief Dumas craze of our English playhouses. Since then—so short-lived are theatrical fashions—the superficial cape-and-sword drama has had its day, and once again the dreary problem-play of sex has resumed its domination. Mr. Waller, however, was allowed such slight opportunity of familiarising the public with his splendid d'Artagnan, quite the best recent example of robust romantic acting, that the prospect of a successful Lyceum revival of "The Three Musketeers" is altogether welcome. Happily, the now leading actor of the Lyceum is capably supported, notably by Mr. William Mollison, most authoritative and dignified of later Richelieus, and by Miss Lily Hanbury, a very handsome, though possibly too little strenuous Miladi—both, as it happens, new to the play—as well as by several talented players, such as bright Miss Eva Moore, to whom d'Artagnan is a friend of quite old (theatrical) standing.

CHARLOTTE WIEHE AND LOIE FULLER, AT TERRY'S.

Of late years Mlle. Jane May has proved the most popular and only really successful mime on the London stage; but she is likely to find a formidable rival in Mlle. Charlotte Wiehe, a young actress hailing from Copenhagen, and now winning a host of admirers at Terry's. This lady has elected to appear in two tiny silent plays—French plays, of course. The one, "L'Homme aux Poupées," merely presents once more the sham doll heroine, rendered only too familiar by such light operas as "La Poupée" and "The Mountebanks," and does not give our Danish visitor any particular scope. But "La Main," the wordless story of the encounter of a pretty dancer in undress and a sentimental burglar, mainly represented by an enormous hand, proves the actress an adept in pantomime. By way of interlude Miss Loie Fuller introduces some fresh limelight "dances," in the course of which she exhibits most dazzling colour-schemes. "La Loie" is all very well, but there is something exquisite about the art of Charlotte Wiehe.

THE PROLONGATION OF LIFE.

"The Prolongation of Life," by Dr. R. E. Dudgeon,* is an interesting work, modelled on much the same lines as those whereon Dr. George Keith founds his "Plea for a Simpler Life." Both physicians extol the merits of wise living as the one essential factor for enabling us to attain a green old age, and both give much good counsel on the proper use of food and drinks, and other conditions and things necessary for life's support, or contributing, in one way or another, to life's enjoyment. Dr. Dudgeon refers to the fact that many people to-day exceed the limit of years which the Psalmist laid down as the usual extent of man's existence. He thinks we should be satisfied if we attain a century of years, and perhaps the wise regulation of life may enable us to reach the hundred more frequently than is the case to-day. Professor Sir G. Humphry many years ago wrote a very notable paper on centenarians, many of whom he found in workhouses, happy and contented, and not at all particular always as to their mode of life, apart from the routine existence they were compelled to lead. Some of his old folks drank and smoked, and one elderly youngster of a hundred, it was stated, not merely drank to excess when he could get his liquor, but drank everything and anything. These are notable exceptions to the rule that long life is only to be attained by careful living, and we should prefer to adopt Dr. Dudgeon's advice and to regulate life as nearly as may be according to the dictates of a reasonable hygiene. To know what these special dictates are, we commend our readers to peruse Dr. Dudgeon's little book. He is always sensible in his advice, and never leaves the reader in doubt as regards his meaning—an excellent quality in an author. He is not a bigoted adviser either; for though he holds that long life is more likely to be attained without the use of alcohol, he does not condemn a moderate allowance.

* London: Chatto and Windus, 1900.

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MARRIAGE.

At 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday, Sept. 5, 1900, at the Central Church, Hamilton, Canada, by the Rev. Samuel Lyle, D.D., Henry Ledyard, eldest son of H. B. Ledyard, Esq., of Detroit, Michigan, to Mary Alice Maud, fifth daughter of Willm. H. Hendrie, Esq., of Hamilton.

DEATH.

In Honolulu, H.I., on Sept. 16, 1900, Mary Ann Rhodes Brown, widow of the late Thomas Brown, of Upton-cum-Chilney, and formerly of Slough, Windsor, eldest daughter of the late Godfrey Rhodes, of Stepney, London, aged 87 years 2 months and 4 days.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

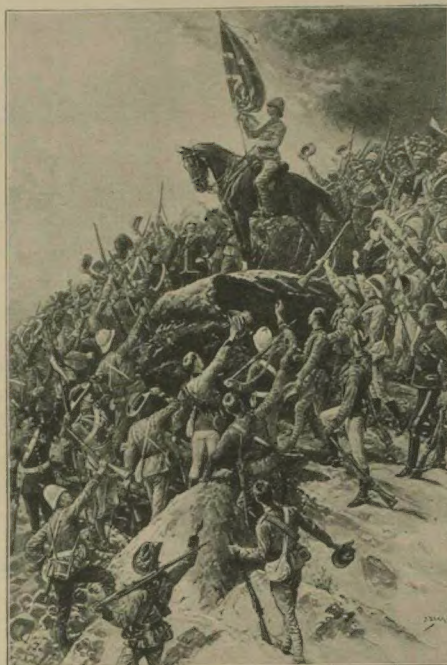
THE LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

Born at Maidstone in 1835, the future Lord Mayor proceeded at an early age to London, and there became an adept in the manufacture of paper, and, in due course, senior partner in the well-known firm of Messrs. Frank Green and Co., of Upper Thames Street. In 1869 he married the only daughter of Mr. Joseph Haydn, of "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates." By Mrs. Green's death, the duties of Lady Mayoress devolve upon her daughter, Miss Kathleen Green. In 1878, the Lord Mayor was elected a member of the Common Council in the Ward of Vintry, with which he has ever since been associated. Six years later he acted as chairman of the Bridge House Estates Committee, and during his year of office brought up the report recommending the erection of the Tower Bridge. In 1886 he was a Deputy-Governor of the Irish Society; in 1888 chairman of the City Lands Committee and Chief Commoner; in 1890 chairman of the Commissioners of Sewers; and in 1891, on the death of Thomas Gabriel, Alderman of his ward. In 1897-98 he filled the office of Sheriff. For other activities he has found scope as President of the Vintry Ward Club, as member of the Stationers Company, as a Past-Master of the Glaziers Company, as a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and as a Governor of Christ's Hospital. In his capacity as a magistrate, the new Chief Magistrate has shown on the Bench sterling good sense and a love of justice not untempered by mercy. With our portrait of the Lord Mayor will be found portraits of Mr. Sheriff Lawrence and of Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Vaughan-Morgan.

OUR CHINESE PICTURES.

Si-ngan-fu, the capital of the province of Shen-hi, and situated on an affluent of the Hooi-Ho, has been mentioned a good deal lately in discussions as to the whereabouts of the fugitive Empress. It is nearly seven hundred miles south-west of Peking. A rather daunting figure when taken into account by the organisers of any punitive force. Moreover, it is a city in which the legend "China for the Chinese" seems to be the implied writing upon every wall. Though subjects of China, its inhabitants are, in a sense, cosmopolitan. They include Tibetans, Mongolians, Tartars, and Mohammedans.

Mr. Schonberg, our Special Artist in China, arrived at Tientsin with a transport of twelve junks, on his way to



"SONS OF THE BLOOD."

A small reproduction of the photograph from the original drawing by Mr. S. Begg.

of our gallant Colonials gathered round the flag. There will also be published this month "The Queen's Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace," "The Surrender of Cronje to Lord Roberts," price half-a-guinea each; artist's

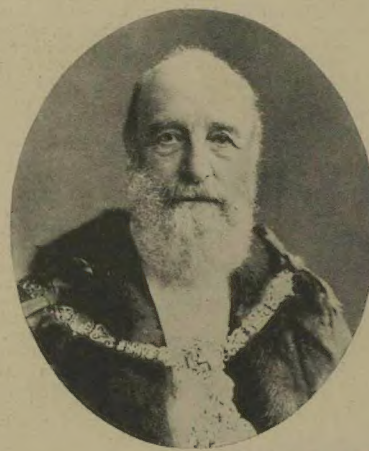


Photo, A. Preke.

MR. SHERIFF LAWRENCE.



Photo, Ellis and Watney.

THE RIGHT HON. ALDERMAN FRANK GREEN.
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.

MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF VAUGHAN-MORGAN.

Peking. The rain and the damp were the foes most in evidence. Wet paper to draw upon made the first stage towards a reversion to its original pulp. Nevertheless, there was the bother of carrying a barrel of drinking-water, as well as three boxes of food-supplies, so small are the local refreshment possibilities by the way. Other minor worries were not wanting to our Artist. As he was sketching some "Boxers," a large stone was thrown at him, inflicting an injury which prevented him from walking for eight days. All the same, we have from his pencil a drawing of the battle of Yang-tun, and a scene of unloading, where provisions for the British troops are being transferred from the junks to the mules that are to bear them to Peking. Other illustrations dealing with the Allied forces in China are referred to on another page.

THE C.I.V. ENTERING ST. PAUL'S.

Our drawing last week of the C.I.V. entering St. Paul's was made, by kind permission of Messrs. T. Howell and Co., from their premises in St. Paul's Churchyard.

"SONS OF THE BLOOD."

We have decided, in view of the constant requests of our readers, to publish a select edition of Photogravures on India paper of some of our best subjects, as occasion offers. The small reproduction given on this page is from the drawing by S. Begg, suggested by Rudyard Kipling's famous poem, "A Song of the English"; a key will be supplied with this representation



Photo, M. Henry.

RETURN HOME OF THE NATAL VOLUNTEERS: SCENE OUTSIDE DURBAN TOWN HALL.

ART NOTES.

The character, value, and authorship of the picture recently recovered at St. Patrick's, Wapping, have yet to be judged at leisure and by responsible connoisseurship; but some good opinions have already been given in favour of its ascription to Rubens. Time was when nearly everyone who went in search of bric-à-brac hoped to "pick up" an Old Master; but such adventurous ambitions have died down, and will hardly be revived even if it turns out that in Wapping, of all places, a Rubens has been found in the dust. "Uncertain," said the first report; and it was generally believed that the Master's proverbial freshness of colour had survived a veritable burial underground. The possible Rubens is a "Deposition from the Cross." It has eight figures, the principal one—that of the Dead Christ—being relieved, as usual, against the white sheet used in the lowering from the ladder. The young St. John the Evangelist supports the failing figure of the Virgin; the other Marys stand or kneel at hand; while Joseph of Arimathea supports the Saviour's shoulders.

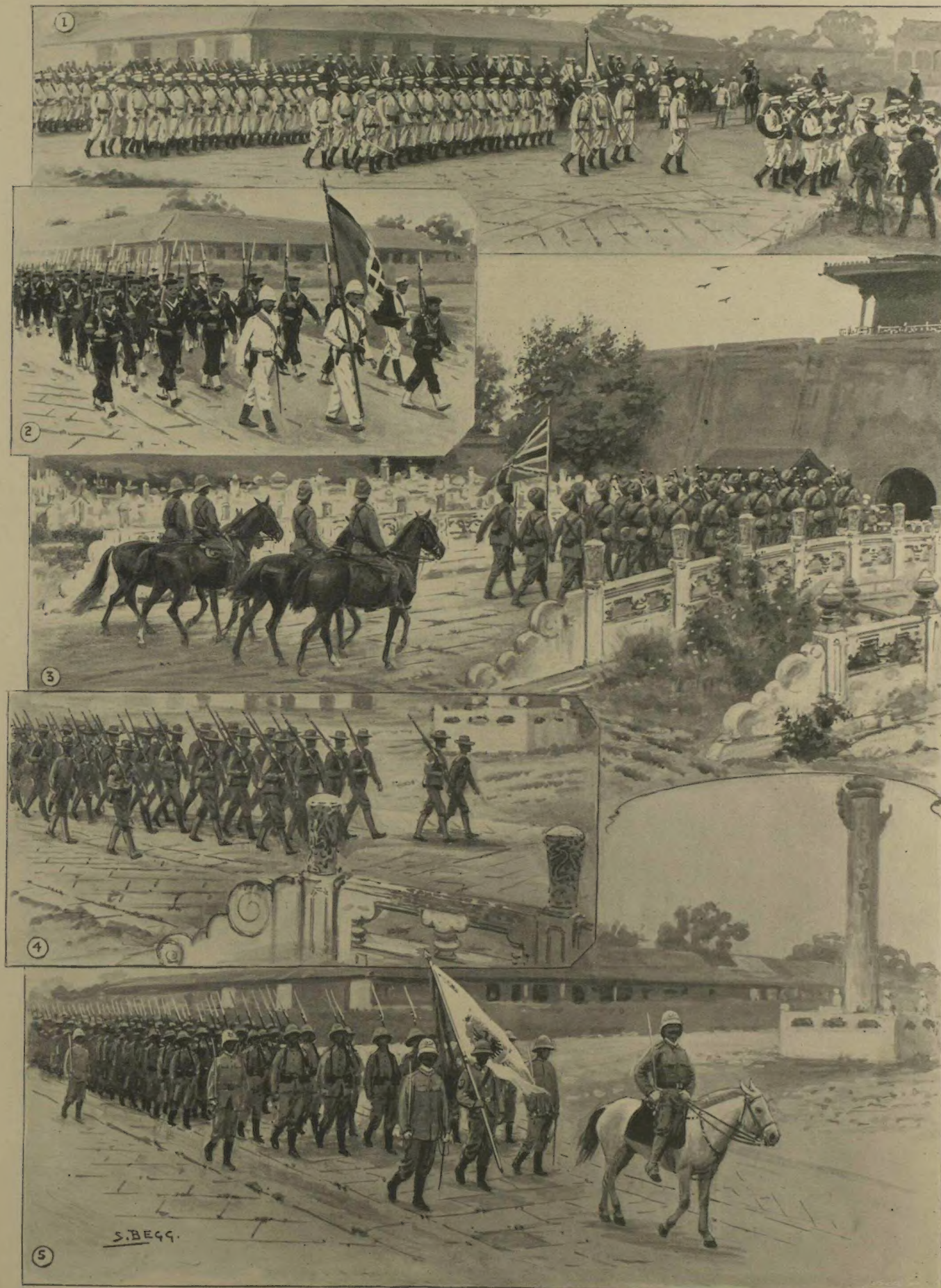
Mr. Arthur Evans's story of the discovery of the "House of Minos," with his solution of the Cretan Labyrinth, read before the Hellenic Society, obtained for the lucky excavator well-earned praise. Although he dwelt more especially upon the religious problems suggested by the statues, frescoes, and altars of these prehistoric remains, art questions could not be wholly avoided. It would seem from the result of these explorations that the foundations of artistic invention have not yet been reached, and that three thousand years before our era, painting and sculpture—imaginative, decorative, and imitative—were already practised.

The Royal Society of British Artists has of late years passed through many vicissitudes. At one moment it seemed as if it was to be galvanised into life by Mr. Whistler and the ardent reformers whose zeal he had kindled. The reaction which followed this sudden outburst was marked by more than one hopeful effort to break the bonds which held the rising British artists. If one may judge from the present exhibition, dullness and commonplace have asserted their rights once more. The bolder and more emancipated members of the society are unrepresented, and those who exhibit seem to have taken little pains to make good the void. One must be thankful for the restraint which these have placed upon themselves, and that thereby the number of pictures hung

is considerably less than the average. The eye rests with comparative pleasure upon such works as Mr. Giffard Lenfestey's "Village at Night" (272), a praiseworthy effort to render faithfully an unattractive subject—a row of white-plastered cottages in a village street; and upon Mr.

F. Spenlove's more attractive "Pastorals" (42 and 47), of which the colour-tones are most attractive. Mr. T. F. Sheard's "Birds of a Feather" (87)—four farm-labourers leaning over a pigsty, with a mass of apple-blossom as a background—is a bold and not wholly unsuccessful attempt to grapple with the problem of bright sunlight; but with so much brightness the shadows cast should have been proportionately darkened. A little picture, "In the Gloaming" (32), by Mr. James Grace, also attracts attention by its real merit; and Mr. Livens also shows his usual skill, especially when handling animals. Mr. A. J. Ryle sends four specimens of conscientious landscape work which show a sympathy with his subjects; but Mr. Montague Smyth is not up to the level of his best work in any of his half-lighted landscapes. In the vestibule are to be seen twenty-five amazingly clever sketches, or rather "notes of travel," made by Mr. Herbert K. Rooke, full of freshness and reality, and a similar number of pencil studies by Mr. Borough Johnson, which show careful drawing, and in some cases much feeling. At the same time it must be admitted that the majority of the exhibitors seem disposed to follow in the footsteps of second-rate leaders rather than to trust their own inclinations—a fact which certainly does not tend to increase one's interest in their work.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.



1. The Russian Troops. 2. The Italian Naval Contingent. 3. The Pipers of the 29th Baluchistan Regiment and the British Staff. 4. The American Detachment. 5. The German Troops.

THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: THE ENTRANCE OF THE TROOPS INTO THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING.

Drawn by S. Begg from Photographs received from China.

PERSONAL.

Sir Theodore Martin has withdrawn his offer of a monument of his wife to the church at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Sidney Lee, in a most temperate and dignified letter in the *Times*, showed that even the merits of Helen Faucit could not justify the erection in the chancel of a memorial that overshadowed Shakspeare's tomb.

The Canonry in Norwich Cathedral, left vacant by the death of Archdeacon Nevill, has been conferred by the Lord Chancellor

on the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken, hitherto best known by his activities as General Superintendent of the Church Parochial Missionary Society. The promotion will be particularly welcome to a school of Churchmen whose friends have believed them to be overlooked, during recent years, in the distribution of patronage. Canon Hay Aitken is himself a preacher of large experience; and though

he has not avoided controversy, his name is not associated with any of the ignobility of partisan strife.

Some of the new appointments in the Ministry have freshness. Mr. George Wyndham ought to be an almost ideal Chief Secretary for Ireland. The Nationalists remember that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was an ancestor of his. To have a rebel ancestor is a distinct qualification for an Irish statesman. Few of the younger Parliamentarians have distinguished themselves much of late years, but Mr. Wyndham is one, and Mr. Arnold-Forster is another.

A new appeal has been made to Lord Rosebery to make a definite bid for the leadership of the Opposition. The appeal is made by his Unionist opponents, who feel that it is not good for any Government to live uncorrected by a vigorous Opposition. Professor Courthope has propounded the theory that government by party is obsolete. It was never so necessary, or Lord Rosebery would not be the object of such solicitude.

Don Carlos declares that the recent symptoms of insurrection in Spain are not due to his instigation. Apparently some of his ostensible followers are more Carlist than Don Carlos.

Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick W. E. Forestier-Walker, K.C.B., who went out to take the command at the Cape before the war began, who has since rendered signal, if unsensational, service in charge of the lines of communication, and for whom a career of further usefulness now opens, was born in 1844. He was the elder son of the late General Sir E. W. Forestier-Walker, K.C.B., by his marriage with a daughter of the sixth Earl of Seafield. After leaving Sandhurst, he entered, in 1862, the Scots Guards, and saw service in the Kaffir War of 1877-78. A year or two later he was Military Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere, and he had further experience in the Zulu War and in Bechuanaland. The commands of an Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, of the troops in Egypt, and of the Western District, intervened before the General's return to South Africa as a sphere of renewed service and sacrifice. Sir Frederick married, in 1887, Mabel, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Ross.

Rear-Admiral Edmund Frederick Jeffreys, now in command of the Cape of Good Hope Squadron, was born

fifty-four years ago. He entered the Navy in 1860, was Sub-Lieutenant in 1865, Lieutenant in 1867, Commander in 1879, had his Captaincy when he was thirty-nine, and became Rear-Admiral in the July of last year. He served in the Egyptian War in 1885. For four years he did excellent duty as Assistant-Director of Torpedoes, and has since been occupied as Director of Naval Ordnance and Torpedoes at the Admiralty. In his new command Rear-Admiral Jeffreys will have plenty of important questions to consider, and will be able to bring to their satisfactory settlement a great deal of expert knowledge on all matters affecting coast fortifications.

The marriage of the Archduke Peter Ferdinand with Princess Marie Christine of Bourbon brought together a great crowd of relatives and friends at Cannes on Thursday. The Archduke is the third son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a title which carries the memory back to days when small potentates could play big parts in history. Princess Marie Christine of Bourbon is a daughter of the Count of Caserta. The parents, brothers, and sisters of

and English, squadrons at various operations in the South Pacific, during the course of which he put a stop to civil war at Samoa. He commanded the *Resolution* in the Channel Squadron; became Captain of First Reserve at Portsmouth; Captain-Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard in 1896; Rear-Admiral in 1899, and A.D.C. to the Queen. His C.M.G. was gained for services as Captain of the Allied Squadron at various operations in the South Pacific.

The death of Professor the Right Hon. Friedrich Max Müller deprives Oxford of one of its most popular and familiar figures. Born at Dessau, Germany, in 1823, he had a poet for his father. He was educated at the Universities of Leipzig and Berlin. In 1854 he became Taylorian Professor of Modern Languages at Oxford, and henceforth his life was bound up with that of the University—as Fellow of All Souls, as Corpus Professor, as Curator of the Bodleian Library, Delegate of the Clarendon Press, Hibbert Lecturer, Gifford Lecturer, and Professor of Comparative Philology. Other Universities gave him their recognition, for he was an Honorary LL.D. of Edinburgh, Cambridge, Bologna, Dublin, and Budapest. In his Privy Councillorship he had a high recognition from the State. Besides his many learned books, in some of which he became the interpreter of the East to the West, he wrote his own "Recollections," noted for some of its racy passages in allusion to his contemporaries. The Professor married, in 1859, Georgina, daughter of Mr. Riversdale Grenfell, of Maidenhead.

The Dublin Corporation showed commendable patience and coolness when Mr. John Clancy proposed a ridiculous resolution to confer the Freedom of the City on Mr. Kruger. The Lord Mayor quietly remarked that the resolution was out of order, and then the Corporation. Mr. Clancy included, waited until the public in the gallery had finished howling, and proceeded with the legitimate business.

A war-correspondent, Mr. Battersby, suggests that in future the war-correspondents shall not be allowed to use the telegraph, and shall confine themselves to the writing of letters.

Colonel Lord Chesham has been appointed Master of the Buckhounds in the room of the Earl of Coventry, resigned, and during his continued absence in South Africa the duties of the post will be discharged by Lord Churchill. The new Master, Charles Compton William Cavendish, is the third holder of the Barony of Chesham, which was created less than fifty years ago. He was born in 1850, and he married, when he was twenty-seven, Beatrice, second daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. In 1870 he entered the Coldstream Guards, and afterwards joined the 10th Hussars and the 16th Lancers, retiring from his Captaincy in the last-named regiment in 1879. When the Boer War made its demand on the fighting strength of England, Lord Chesham put his services at the disposal of the Imperial Yeomanry, and has greatly distinguished himself by the efficiency with which he has discharged his duties during the conflict now drawing to a close.



Photo. Russell.
THE REV. W. HAY M. H. AITKEN,
New Canon of Norwich.



Photo. Russell.
REAR-ADMIRAL E. F. JEFFREYS,
Commander of the Cape of Good Hope Squadron.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER,
The Great Orientalist.



PRINCESS MARIE CHRISTINE OF BOURBON.

ARCHDUKE PETER FERDINAND OF TUSCANY.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT CANNES ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

the bridegroom were amongst those who journeyed to the French town in order to be present on the happy occasion.

The Jockey Club is still disturbed by Lord Durham's impeachment. He thinks that sufficiently drastic measures have not been taken against the application of certain American methods to the Turf. Mr. James Lowther defends the Jockey Club, but does not seem to differ very much from Lord Durham about the American methods.

Rear-Admiral Andrew Kennedy Bickford, C.M.G., has been appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific Station, in succession to Rear-Admiral Beaumont, who goes to the Australian Station. The son of Mr. W. Bickford, of Newport House, South Devon, he was born in India, but was educated at the South Devon Collegiate School. He entered the Navy in 1858, and first saw active service in China. He was Senior and Gunnery Lieutenant of the *Amethyst* at the time of its encounters with the Peruvian rebel ironclad *Huascar*. Service in Alexandria and elsewhere brought him on to the Captaincy he exercised as senior officer of combined French and English, and German



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
REAR-ADMIRAL A. K. BICKFORD, C.M.G.,
Appointed Commander-in-Chief on the
Pacific Station.

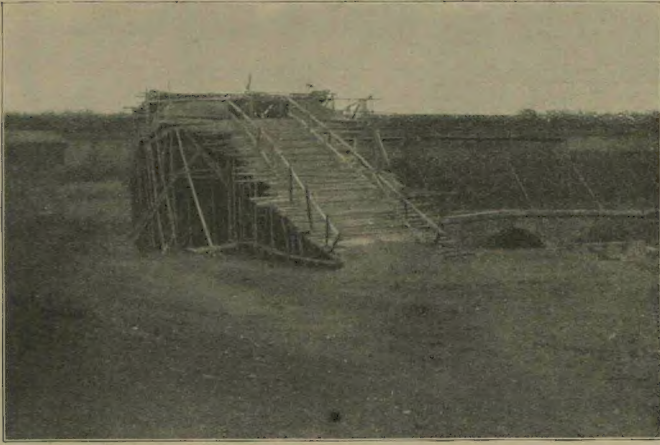


Photo. Hatch.
GENERAL SIR F. W. E. FORESTIER-WALKER, K.C.B.,
Deputy-Governor of South Africa.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LORD CHESHAM,
New Master of the Buckhounds.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.



THE RAMP CONSTRUCTED BY THE CHINESE TO ENABLE THEM TO HOIST HEAVY GUNS ON TO THE WALL OF PEKING.
The intention of the Chinese to bombard the Legations from this point was not carried out.



THE ASSEMBLY OF THE ALLIED TROOPS BEFORE THE ENTRANCE INTO THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING.
The small size of the ponies ridden by the officers is specially noticeable.



THE RELIEF OF THE CATHEDRAL AND BISHOP'S RESIDENCE AT PEKING: THE FOREIGN TROOPS SCALING THE WALL OF THE IMPERIAL CITY ON AUGUST 15.



THE ENTRANCE OF THE ALLIED TROOPS INTO THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING: THE JAPANESE STAFF AND INFANTRY.



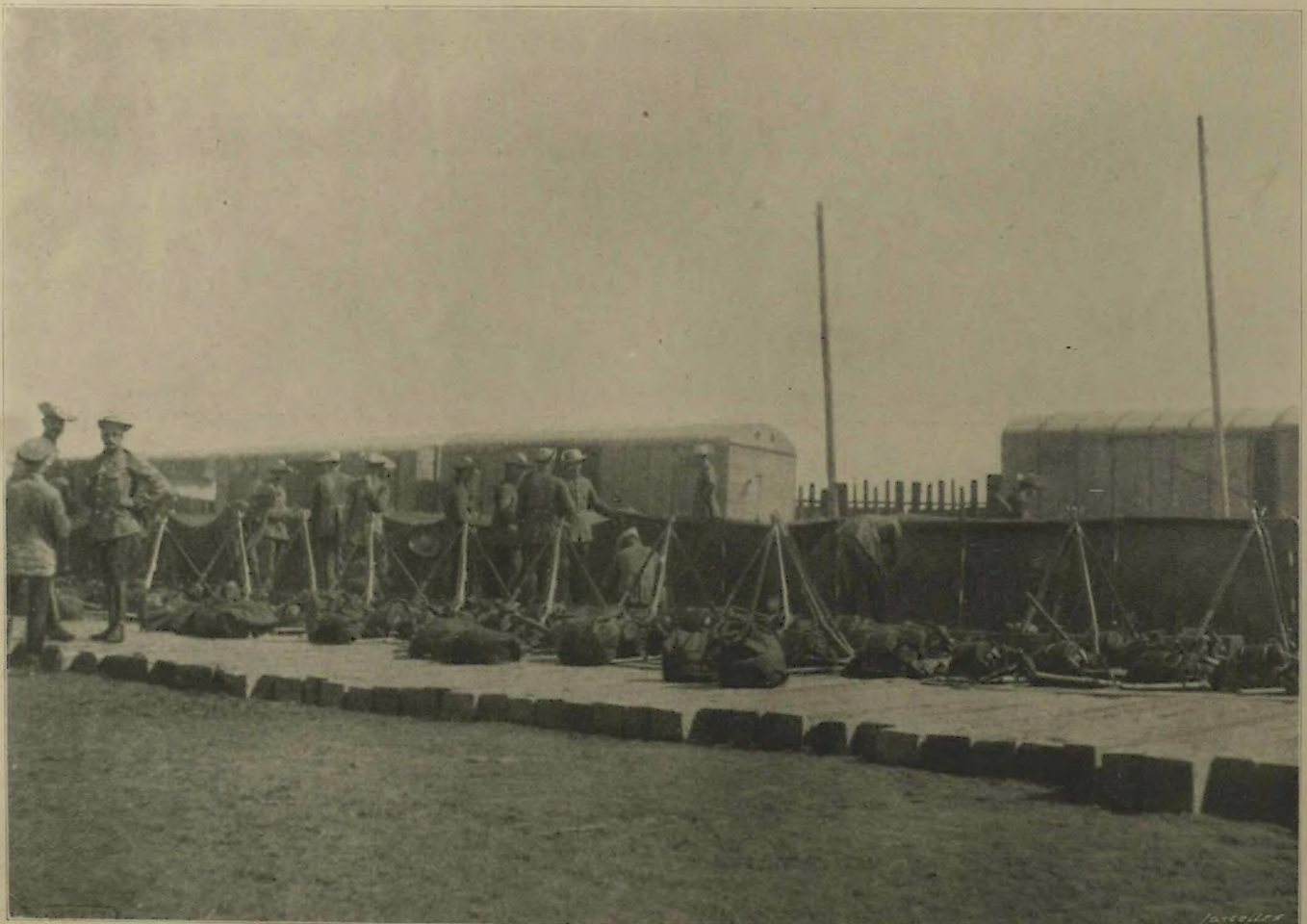
THE ENTRANCE OF THE ALLIED TROOPS INTO THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING: THE FRENCH DETACHMENT.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .

Photographs by Mee-Cheung, Hong-Kong.



RUSSIAN ARTILLERY DRILLING AT TONGKU.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN TROOPS AT TONGKU.



She was a small barge, bleak and lifeless, rolling and pitching helplessly.

A DERELICT IN TOW.

BY WALTER WOOD.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

"TAIL-END o' the Dogger, tail-end o' the gab, tail-end o' the century, an' tail-end o' fortchin," said the skipper. "No, I don't reckon that bad. It's what they call annalluggy."

"Anna what?" said the mate.

"Annalluggy," replied the skipper.

"Who's she?" inquired the mate.

The skipper wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his jumper, replaced his stumpy clay pipe, bowl down, and looked at his companion without speaking.

"I say, who's Anna?"

The skipper removed the cutty, pressed the tobacco down with a forefinger, and said: "It's a word as means likeness. It's a cinnamon."

"A what?" said the mate.

"A cinnamon," rejoined the skipper placidly. "That is to say, it means the same thing."

"As what?" demanded the bewildered mate.

"As t'other," replied the skipper, still with the bowl of the cutty inverted.

"Dash it!" exclaimed the mate angrily. "Talk English."

"That's English," asserted the skipper.

"Then spell it," said the mate.

"What's the good o' spellin' words when you can't read 'em?" said the skipper.

The mate was baffled. "You're a deep un, skipper—a sight too deep for me. You come it over a poor chap very 'ard."

"Why shouldn't I?" asked the skipper. "Isn't it in the way o' mental improvement? Besides, my schoolm' was paid for—it was no charity shop 'at I went to. I want some interest on my money."

"It was only a night-school," said the mate disparagingly.

"Ah! But think o' what they taught you—readin', writin', rethmetic, an' spellin'."

"An' the other?" asked the mate.

"The annalluggy? No; that was a extra—really it was private study. It was the Professor's obby, an' I took it on. It came in very dear—sixpence a hour."

"Professor!" said the mate scornfully. "Why, it was only old Crabb! 'E was no Professor."

"It was printed 'Professor Crabb' on the board," said the skipper rather severely; "an', as I've told you before, you can't get over print. You may get over writin', becoss you can scratch it out; but not over print. Now, I put it to you, can you?"

"Not in the paper," admitted the mate grudgingly. "It's like the parson in the pulpit—you can't talk back. But I don't think much o' the Professor's way o' teaching. 'E told 'em once, an' then struck 'em with a chair-leg."

"Well, it drove it in, didn't it?"

The mate was silent. Argument with the skipper was useless; he always got the worst of it, partly because the skipper was so well educated, and partly because he was by nature so highly gifted; and the mate was neither.

"Anyway," said the mate, returning to a discussion they had had, "I shall stick to what I say—that the *Flying Sprite*, this very steam-boat, is in a bad way. You know it."

"I don't deny it; I admit it," returned the skipper.

"You speak as if you was proud of it," said the mate.

"I am," replied the skipper.

"An' why?"

"Becoss it completes the annalluggy."

"I don't see it." Again the mate spoke helplessly.

"Of course not—you've not been eddicated up to it. It is with perspicaciousness as it is with jocousness—the more you cultivate it the more there is of it. You mayn't see a joke the first time; but it grows on you. It is there—the newklus, the ressidium, so to speak."

"Look 'ere, skipper—will you do me a favour?"

"Name it," replied the skipper, non-committingly.

"Shut up usin' long words—keep 'em for the smoke-room of the Three Mariners. They may understand 'em there—I don't."

"There is a proverb which I should like to quote for you, an' it's this: 'Pearls before swine.'"

"That's nothing to do with it."

"It's in Latting, too," added the skipper, as if casually drawing from hidden stores of erudition—"*Margaret anti porkus*—" but then, if you don't understand the livin' tongues, 'ow can you possibly understand the dead uns?"

"We was talkin'," said the mate, steadily ignoring this

last blow, "'o' salvage chances after the breeze we've 'ad. You said you'd rather get a derelict nor a good 'aul. So would I—only the *Flying Sprite* couldn't tow a derelict to port. It takes 'er all 'er time to chunk 'er own way, let alone lug another craft on."

"Well, as I've said, we're at the cod-end o' the trawl—tail-end o' everythin'; an' if we don't get a bit o' salvage or something we shall ha' to go into bankruptcy. It's a pity a fine craft like this should want for work."

He cast an eye round the steam-boat, blind to her countless faults. Her squat hull was patched and tinkered in a hundred places; her paddles groaned and clattered as they worked; her hold reeked with bilge and rank fish-trunks, and her cabin with the smell of oil and dirt.

Her engine-room, with its ponderous old cylinder, was almost flush with the deck; and the stokehole was open to the attacks of wind and sea. The *Flying Sprite*, steam-trawler, working rough ground which fine new steam-boats with their modern gear, could not fish over, crank and unseaworthy; survivor of many a fierce struggle with gales, had run out from a Tyne port, where she had been sheltering during three days and nights of disastrous weather, and was now at the tail-end of the Dogger, at the close of the year, ostensibly to fish, but in reality "seeking"—that is to say, she was on the look-out for a bit of salvage, or a tow, or any slice of luck that might reasonably be hoped for on the North Sea after a hard blow in winter. At such times many ships, foreigners especially, are drifting helplessly, and the tug or trawler which can run up and get hold of one of these "lame ducks" and take it safely into port has much more profit and excitement than follow ordinary towage or fishing.

It was after breakfast on a December morning not long before Christmas that the skipper of the *Flying Sprite* reasoned with his mate, over pots of tea, and by the close heat of the cabin-fire. There was still a strong sea running, and the old paddle-boat laboured heavily. To get the trawl overboard was out of the question, and there was nothing for it but to hope that the gale would give up some of its prey to those who had had the courage to leave port and seek for it.

The skipper, with cheerful pessimism, had pictured the ill-fortune of the *Flying Sprite* and her crew, and had

enlarged on the analogy of things to the admiring but uncomprehending mate. He was a curious mixture of vigour and vanity. He had sailed the North Sea for thirty years, knew its moods instinctively—he could tell by the signs of the lead alone where he was—and had a record for daring seamanship that was unsurpassed; he could handle a smack or steam-boat with unflinching skill in any time of peril, and had kept his own craft up when stronger vessels had gone down. Yet of all these qualities he had no opinion whatever; he paid no more regard to them than he did to his own perfect constitution—the one, he took it, came as naturally and righteously as the other. But he had his pride, and it was based on his ability to use, both at the Three Mariners and among his fellow-smacksmen, wondrous words which were chiefly of his own coinage, words which were grotesque distortions of originals, but which to men who knew not copies from originals were as awe-inspiring as the perfect thing.

Just now he had been hoping that something would come the way of the *Flying Sprite*, something that she could stick to and deal with: for the skipper, convinced as he was of the power of the steam-boat, was open to admit that there were craft which she would not be equal to. "Now, I don't want a Nor-Dutcher Lloyd," he said. "nor yet a 'ulkin' over-sea tramp; nor even a five-masted ship from the Tees—not with salt, thank you—it's too soggy. Pig-iron an' rails lie 'eavy in the water, so we don't want ships with them. What we do want, and what we'll surely take on, is a nice little lame duck w' plenty in 'er—by selection British, becoss they're worth more; but if not that, then a 'igh-class foreign wind-jammer. Any such this steam-boat'll take charge of and conduct safely to port."

"Then I tell you again," said the mate, "'at it'll be no go. The *Flyin' Sprite*'ll want all steam on her own account, judgin' from the glass. It's fallin' again."

"A mere trifle," replied the skipper. "Nothing to be alarmed at."

"I'm not alarmed," the mate assured him; "only I don't want to see the old foundry rattled to bits. Just think o' the way she's held together an' patched up."

"No, thank you, that's just what I don't think of. The more you dwell on the defects of your floatin' omes the more likely you are to be discomforted. No, let's go on deck an' take a look round an' see what the little birds'll bring us. Excuse my jocosity, but you need a tonic, an' humour's the pick-me-up you want."

The skipper rose and climbed up the uncertain steps, the mate following. They looked carefully round the dreary heave of sea, but saw no sign of any vessel, controlled or derelict. The *Flying Sprite*, unable to get her trawl down, lumbered about, pitching and plunging, and at times rolling until the lee-scuppers took in the water instead of letting it escape. Darkness came quickly on, and the steamboat's side-lights and masthead-lights were put up, while a great lamp was swung astern of the bridge to illuminate the after-part of the deck and the engine-room.

It was the period of full moon. The wild clouds scudded across the sky, and the cold clear light was upon the waste of water. The breeze was droning through the rigging, and the spray was flying stingingly across the exposed, barrel-like bridge, where the helmsman stamped his feet and shivered with the cold. He was the only man awake except the engineer, who was just below him, in the oily, steaming warmth of the engine-room, taking refreshment—hot coffee and hard biscuits and cheese—as he discharged his duties.

The man at the wheel yawned, gave the spokes a turn, and looked about him. He became conscious of some object almost straight ahead, and pulled himself together. The steam-boat lumbered on, and the object grew larger. The helmsman rubbed his eyes and gripped the wheel; but for the present he did not say anything to the coffee-drinker. The *Flying Sprite* rose and fell, the distant object looking larger to the smacksman each time his weatherbeaten, time-worn craft hung on the crest of a wave. "It's some sort o' ship," he muttered, "but I don't know what. What's she doin'?—where's her lights?"

The engineer stepped for a moment from his lair. The air was keen and the spray was sharp and pitiless. He shuddered as his thin shirt flapped on his chest, and pulled a greasy cloth more tightly round his neck. Then he withdrew from the open, and peered round the corner of the engine-room and looked ahead. He, too, saw the vessel. "Now, then, old sleepy-head, look where you're takin' 'er. Are you meanin' to run that old hooker down?" he said, in a loud voice.

"You shut up an' mind yer foundry," said the helmsman. "I saw that thing twenty minutes since. Go an' rouse up the skipper—I think she's a derelict."

The engineer obligingly obeyed. He left his machinery to look after itself for the moment, and by beating upon the cabin skylight with a hammer and bawling "Rouse up, boys, rouse up!" alarmed the sleeping captain and the crew. They rose heavily, and hurried clumsily on deck. The engineer returned to his levers, and prepared for orders.

"What's the racket?" said the skipper, climbing upon the bridge.

"That old wind-jammer isn't under control," answered the man at the wheel. "She's showin' no lights, she's got no canvas up, an' she isn't steerin'."

"I told you so!" roared the skipper triumphantly to the mate, who was standing on the deck just below him. "Here's the luck at last! She might ha' been made for us! Get the boat ready! Here, let me get hold! You go down an' lend a hand at the davits, Charley!"

The helmsman yielded up the spokes, and descended to the deck, where, with many a fearsome sound, he helped to get the boat into the water. The small craft, at a shortened painter, jumped and tore astern as the steam-boat, guided by the skipper, ranged up to the derelict. She was a small barque, bleak and lifeless, rolling and pitching helplessly. Rags of canvas cracked on her spars, her rigging was damaged and disordered, and her mizzen had been badly injured. Her deck-fittings had been smashed, and her bulwarks wrenched by merciless seas, and the waves which now broke frequently on board and poured from her scuppers completed the picture of her desolation.

"I don't like the look of her—an' that's a fact," said the mate, after a gloomy survey of the barque.

The skipper was of the same opinion, but he did not mean to say so. "Anyway, we'll get aboard and reconnoitre," he shouted. "Over into the boat, you an' Tom an' Charley, an' see what you can make of her."

The mate growled rather protestingly, and the skipper heard him. "There's nothing to fear," he asserted. "There isn't much sea on, an' the barque's well out of the water; she won't sink yet. It's nearly as light as day, too, w' that moon."

The three men, somewhat desperately, obeyed. They hauled the boat alongside, tumbled in as best they could, and pulled hard for the derelict. The mate and Charley climbed on board, and Tom fought hard to keep the boat from being smashed against the rolling sides. The smacksmen shouted down the hatchways and kicked hard on the deck. There was no reply.

"P'raps they're all dead uns down below," suggested Charley, in as low a voice as the sound of wind and wave allowed.

"Go an' see," said the mate, steadying himself on the treacherous deck.

"Not me," replied Charley; "I'm no 'and at that sort o' thing."

"If they're dead, they can't 'urt you," said the mate.

"They'd 'urt my feelin's—I shouldn't get the sight of 'em out o' my mind for months. You remember that poor chap we got up in the lifebuoy that night—the one that 'ad been floatin' round for four days from the *Cito*? Well, I can see it even now. I don't like this sort o' business. It gives me the creeps. Isn't it time we went back to the boat? I'm sure she'll be swamped, an' Tom drowned if we don't."

"Will you go if I do?" asked the mate.

"Yes, if you'll go first," said Charley. "Bad weather an' stand-up ships an' men I don't mind; but I do object to these old coffin-ships that springs corpses on you."

"All right—you keep close to me," said the mate, valiantly repressing his fear of the unseen and unknown.

He began to descend the steep steps that led to the after-cabin, and Charley followed, his feet knocking the mate's head before the mate had left the stairs. At ordinary times the mate would have protested, but now he found the knocks comforting. They proved to him that he was not alone.

"Ugh!" said the mate, as he groped his way to the table, holding Charley by the hand. "Let's have a light."

Charley, with great difficulty, got a match from a tin box in his waistcoat-pocket and struck it. The light flared up and showed the white faces of the two men.

"There's a lamp—clap the light to it," exclaimed the mate.

Charley put a match to a funnelless lamp which swung above the oilclothed table. The wick spluttered, for it was wet with the sea-spray; but Charley persevered, and after many attempts the lamp burned and gave off a small light, with much smoke and smell. By the illumination the two could see that there were no human forms, dead or living, in the cabin. There was no one in the bunks, no one at the table. The fire was out, and coals and cinders were awash on the cabin floor. A sodden loaf was on the table, cups and saucers and plates, spoons, knives, and forks were scattered about.

"Looks as if she'd been abandoned lately—I daresay at breakfast-time," said the mate, preparing to go on deck.

"There's a lot o' watter in 'er—they knew their own craft best; let's follow 'em," said Charley. "I dislike the look of her more than I did at first."

"We'll just quint in for'ard, an' then we'll get back to the steam-boat," said the mate.

They hurriedly made their way to the fore-castle, and hailed into the clammy gloom. There was no answer.

"Come on," said Charley nervously. "This rotten old barque feels as if she'd sink any minute."

"One match—just let's be certain," pleaded the mate, and Charley struck one. "Not a soul," he reported, as he looked round. "The men rushed out in a 'urry, too. That's my game."

Without further remark he got back to the side and, having watched his chance, tumbled into the boat. The mate followed, and after a rough pull they regained the *Flying Sprite*.

"Well?" inquired the skipper.

"She's derelict, it's true—but her people have left her," said the mate. "That shows she's worth nothing. She certainly isn't safe. I expected 'er to sink every second. No, she's worth nothing."

"Not a bit," replied the skipper. "You might as well say 'at British Funds are worth nothing becoss people clear out of 'em."

"But she's flyin' light, an' yet there's a lot o' watter in 'er—I don't like the look of 'er at all. She's the queerest old wind-jammer I ever set eyes on—isn't she, Charley?"

"She's a wrong un," agreed Charley readily.

"Anyway, she's afloat, an' I'm goin' to get 'er in tow," the skipper intimated decisively.

The mate was silent; the crew also, who were gathered round, were silent.

"Come," said the skipper, "who wants a bit o' salvage?"

They all wanted salvage, it seemed, but not this sort.

"Very well," said the skipper, "I'll put it this way: who's goin' to volunteer to go aboard—w' me? I'm not askin' you to do things I won't do myself—that's not my way. I want one man."

The men grumbled. If there was to be towage the skipper could not well be spared from the *Flying Sprite*, that was certain. It needed his own peculiar understanding of her eccentricities to get her safely into Rockborough in anything like a sea; and it was doubly imperative that he should be in command if they were to have a derelict in tow.

"I'll go," said the mate, after a pause, "but you'll ha' to stop 'ere, skipper."

"I'll go, too," said Charley firmly. "After all, she can't do more nor sink."

"Now that," said the skipper, "is a proper way o' lookin' at the matter. Even the steam-boat might sink."

"I'll go," said the mate; "but, mind you, I don't think we shall ever get 'er into port."

"Oh, yes we will—once we get 'old of 'er we'll never let 'er go. You see, it isn't as if she'd no wheel an' rudder, an' wouldn't steer. Now, my lads, get aboard as soon as you like, an' let's begin to tow 'er. Mind this: if it comes on to blow, I'll see you're got back all right. You won't be left on board the barque."

The mate and Charley got overboard again, and made their second dangerous and laborious trip to the derelict. It was long before a rope was made fast to the barque and the steam-boat could begin the towing, but at last she really was secured and dragged unwillingly towards the coast. The two men who steered her kept sharp eyes on the derelict beneath them, the boat which towed astern, and the steam-boat which struggled hard ahead. The wind got up again, as the mate had prophesied, and the sea became nastier, and more than once they believed that the abandoned vessel was about to turn turtle or go down; but she showed amazing vitality, and even when the boat had been swamped by a following sea, and snapped from her painter, and they were left to sink or swim with the prize, they hoped that all would in the end be well.

It was a furious struggle, and the skipper and all his people knew that chances were against them as they fought. But they held on their way, and the *Flying Sprite* steamed ahead until the dim line of the coast rose out of the growing dawn.

"We shall do it yet!" cried the skipper in exultation. He was in streaming oil-skins, and, with the help of one of the crew, was tugging at the wheel. "The breeze is 'elpin' us."

"It's the breeze that'll do you as you make the 'arbour," said the engineer; "the breeze an' the run o' the ebb."

"You shut up. You're a machineman: you're no sailor," responded the skipper. "I tell you I'll get the steam-boat in all right—an' the barque too."

"The Flyin' Dutchman said 'e'd get round the Cape, but 'e never did," replied the engineer. "But we shall see. I've been watchin' that barque, an' I tell you she gives even me the shivers, an' I've seen a lot in my time."

The day broke slowly, and the coast grew bolder. The wind was blowing hard, and the sea was strong and broken. In his heart, the skipper knew that prudence demanded that he should cast the derelict adrift, and let her trust to luck; but he was a dogged man, and refused to let her go. Besides, he must at all costs hang on now, since two of his own people were prisoners at her helm.

"Now comes the tug-o'-war," he shouted to the engineer as they got very near the land. "Stand by for every penn'orth o' steam you've got."

"It's all on. It's enough for the steam-boat, but not for two in a sea like this," replied the engineer. "Let 'er go, an' trust to the life-boat bein' 'andy. They're certain to be standin' by 'er."

"Not I!" shouted the skipper. "She either goes in, or we'll all sink together."

So the steam-boat and the derelict staggered down the coast. From the shore they saw the trawler and her prize

coming, and the life-boatmen stood by their craft in expectation of a call. The summons came, and the boat was run out of the house and down the slipway into the heavy surf. She was pulled out into the bay, and wallowed there, waiting with the seas breaking over her.

The *Flying Sprite* came finely down, her paddles thrashing the water, when they touched it, and whirling heavily round when they did not. This happened when they headed her for the bay and she got broadside on to the sweep of the seas. She heeled over then until one paddle was buried, and the other was spinning like a horizontal water-wheel. The furious seas, smashing against the pier and scattering themselves into great blinding clouds of spray, caught the trawler as she was brought round for the harbour, steering wildly, and dragging at her prize.

At the head of the crowd on the pier the Harbour Master stood. His voice, deep and penetrating, hardened by gales in all parts of the world, rose in the turmoil. He waved his cap also; but his words were not heard, and his signal was not understood by the skipper.

"He's telling you to let 'er go," said the skipper's companion, gripping the spokes fiercely as a sea came running on. "He says you'll never get 'er in."

Sprite hung on, straining at the tautened rope, and her paddles churning the water. For five full minutes they expected the rope to snap and the steam-boat to be torn away by the seas, and then dashed back on to the end of the pier and smashed to fragments there; but the rope held, the paddles went on beating, and at last it was seen by the slackening of the hawser that the engine was winning. The bow was got round once more, the starboard side was ground against a fender and the piles of the pier-head, and the sponson splintered and the paddle crumpled up as the *Flying Sprite* was got alongside the lighthouse. She was half a wreck as they helped her, a long line of strong men pulling at the rope, into the harbour, and she ran aground, just above the entrance, with a triumphant clank of hull and spars and machinery.

The instant the peril was past it was forgotten. Even the mate and Charley were chaffed as they came round from the foreshore to the steam-boat to dry themselves. The skipper remembered himself, and returned to his woes.

"That's what I call a spell o' real bad luck," he said. "Fancy 'anging on to a derelict an' 'aving 'er go over like that! But what a experience! Did you ever see the bottom drop off a ship afore?"

"No; an' I never want to see another do the trick,"

ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

Many English Nonconformist leaders were present at the first General Assembly of the United Free Church, and since their return they have expressed dissent with the proceedings. Edinburgh was dark, wet, and gloomy on the morning of the great day; but the weather cleared towards noon, and the fathers and brethren reached the Waverley Market without being soaked with rain. Dr. Parker was present throughout the whole day, and it was interesting to observe him in close conversation with Dr. Cameron Lees. After his speech to the great public meeting on Wednesday, Dr. Parker travelled to London and preached at the City Temple as usual on Thursday morning. Surely a remarkable achievement for a man of seventy-one!

On retiring from the Bishopric of Exeter Dr. Bickersteth will receive the well-earned honour of the Freedom of the City.

Few recent appointments have given more sincere and widespread pleasure than that of Mr. Hay Aitken to a canonry in Norwich Cathedral. As a missionary Mr. Aitken has rendered magnificent service to the Church of England,



They bent to the oars, and rowed the life-boat out of the track of the approaching steam-boat.

"Won't I—see me; hold on till that water's gone!"

The two clutched the wheel as the broadside wave caught them. It smashed against the starboard quarter, rushed the steam-boat along, deluged the deck, and partly flooded the stokehold. A cataract of icy water fell upon the skipper and his companion, and they rose from it, still hugging the wheel, as they might have risen from a dive into the sea itself. The tow-rope parted, and the barque, then just off the pier, capsized and sank. The men at her wheel, believing that all was lost, gave a loud cry. They were wrenched from their hold and swept into the bay. As they went overboard the barque disappeared, and those ashore saw that her bottom had been torn bodily away. The men were tossed up near the life-boat, and were seized and dragged on board. "Get 'er out o' the way, or we shall be cut down!" roared the coxswain, and they bent to the oars, and rowed the life-boat out of the track of the approaching steam-boat.

It was a tough, short struggle for the harbour. The seas tore at the hull and drove it towards the shore; the old paddles beat furiously and tried to dig their way to safety; those who were at the wheel fighting their fight, and the engineer standing by his marvellous machinery.

Slowly, foot by foot, the steam-boat drove ahead. She was caught by the sweep and twist of the ebb as she gained the entrance to the harbour. The shore staff flung a line aboard, and the crew made fast a brand-new rope to a bollard in the bows. There, off the head of the pier, in the race of the ebb and the furious broken seas, the *Flying*

replied the mate. "The rotten old thing—I told you she wasn't worth 'ookin' on to."

The skipper began to descend the port paddle-box, stepping cautiously down the slippery steps. With his own hands he lowered the masthead-light, and took in the side-lights, and then blew out the burning wicks. This gave him time to think, and to make ready for a final reasoning with the mate.

The mate was standing by the engine-room, trying to believe the engineer, who was assuring him that this adventure was as nothing compared with one which had befallen himself in a South Sea whaler. He hailed the skipper with a burst of sarcasm. "Well," he said, "you're such a one for doin' things proper—are you satisfied now? You've got the steam-boat piled up, an' the bottom's dropped out o' the dashed old derelict. Is that what you call annalluggy?"

The mate looked triumphant. He believed that he had the skipper in a corner, and trapped at last.

"No," said the skipper, "to call it annalluggy would be a misuse o' terms. It's a catastrophe."

For a moment the mate looked at him in silence. Then he said, "Come ashore, an' 'ave a rum—or would you rather 'ave a dictionary?" This sarcasm was his last hope of wounding the skipper's feelings.

"No," returned the skipper placidly, "I know the dictionary by 'eart; but a rum just now, when, I might say, there's been a concatenation o' knock-out circumstances against us, 'ud be very comfortin'."

THE END.

and his little volumes of evangelistic addresses have been widely read and imitated.

Archdeacon Wilkinson, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, is understood to have received the first offer of the living of St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, which Dr. Ridgeway has just vacated. According to a West of England newspaper, the Archdeacon was amazed to find that about five thousand of the poorest slum-dwellers were associated with St. Peter's, and he decided that the task was too heavy for a man of his years.

The brief thanksgiving service used at St. Paul's on the return of the C.I.V. will be adopted during the coming months in many parish churches, not only in the diocese of London, where the Bishop has sanctioned their inclusion, but in many a village sanctuary which welcomes back its heroes from the war. These beautiful words of praise and prayer will fitly express the feelings of the people.

The election of Prebendaries Ingram and Villiers as proctors to Convocation for the Archdeacons of Middlesex and London will give general satisfaction to Churchmen. The defeated candidates were Prebendary E. Wilnot and Prebendary Barlow. Each of the new proctors is a moderate High Churchman, and personally popular among his brethren. Canon Newbolt will represent St. Paul's in Convocation, and Canon Goro has been elected by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster in the room of Canon Duckworth.

V.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

Illustrations by Mr. M. G. Jones, R.S.A.

THE CAMP OF THE GERMAN TROOPS AT TONGKI.



GERMAN OFFICERS AT TONGKI.

When the extremest of the Eastern lands joins the extremest West in an alliance that takes Russia, Germany, France, and England by the way, nations are brought very near together by their most characteristic representatives—their soldiers. It would be difficult to say when there has been such an alliance.

An English poet, Sidney Dobell, made much of the picturesque encounter of French and English in their camps before Sebastopol; but that was a union of old enemies, who may be said to have known each other's faces for many centuries. And when to these were added the Italians—by the name of Sardinians they bore at that date—and the Turks, who were the cause of all, the tale of the famous alliance of the Crimea is full. The Allies, when they entered Paris, had not with them the Japanese from beyond China, or the Americans from beyond Japan. The most sudden and most complete of alliances could not have been brought about by any but events concentrated upon the narrowest ground—issues of life and death to a handful of men, women, and children in a dozen houses. Large diplomatic questions and vague international politics have never succeeded in binding so many nations together, or in binding them so heartily and closely as did the danger of the Legations, and the fear lest non-combatants entrusted with the honour of the several States they represented should have been abandoned to a terrible fate by official treachery. It needs a personal feeling to bring about public action so complete; and although politics had been for some months in a state of ferment around the name of China, action became acute and decisive apart from all the calculations of diplomacy.

And it is bare fact, diplomacy has been baffled as well as outdone. Her vigilance, for instance, in regard to the descent of Russia upon the East, and, indeed, of all Russian action on that side of the vast empire which is

Asiatic and in contact with Oriental Asia, has been, as it were, set at naught by the occurrences of this year's summer in China. Here we have the Russian uniform, the Russian cap, the Russian figure with its peculiar character, and the

group of the business-like German officers talking together. Germany has had a longer term of peace than could have been foretold thirty years ago. But her military genius has made peace as profitable for all the purposes of military preparation and equipment, and as serviceable to military science, as another thirty years' war could have been, at very different cost. Germany, therefore, was alert under the eye of an Emperor devoted to his army; and her presence in China had an origin that has happily been absent in the case of the other Powers—the murder of a diplomatic representative. In our illustration the German troops may be seen in the head-gear that has become so familiar in our own case since we have been fighting a Southern and Colonial enemy. The French sentries are wearing the sun-helmet that has also become distinctively English, at any rate, in English estimation. They are under the trees of alien China; and the same foreign foliage is shown shading the ruins of the tennis-lawn that was once green and trim in the rear of the British Legation at Peking. Wherever our countrymen settle there is a tennis-ground. It is as certain as the English chaplain and the English chemist. Here it is shown as it looked after the relief, strewn with the odds and ends of a camp. In the other illustration is to be seen a most significant relic of the terrible days passed recently by those who were at bay before the onslaught of a terrible revolution. This is the heap of lead, pewter, and other metal fragments—candlesticks and any other utensils that could be turned to account—which were used by the besieged for the purposes of their long defence. In that resistance



THE TENNIS LAWN OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING, AFTER THE SIEGE.

Russian artillery upon Chinese soil, and all welcome to English eyes, which is something stranger than that they should be welcome to French eyes or German. Here, moreover, are the German troops, a camp of the newly landed, a

Europeans or every nationality showed not only the courage that was a necessity of the situation, but a spirit, a resource, an activity, and a confidence that will have its record in one of the most inspiring pages of history.



THE FRENCH QUARTERS AT TIENTSIN.



A HEAP OF LEAD AND PEWTER CANDLESTICKS, FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF BULLETS, IN THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



THE ALLIED FORCES ON THE PEI-HO RIVER: SAPPERS STRENGTHENING THE RIVER-BANKS.

Drawn by Allan Stewart.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A



THE BATTLE OF YANG-TUN, ON AUGUST 5: THE 14TH REGIMENT OF UNITED STATES INFANTRY IN ACTION.

Sketch (Facsimile) by our Special Artist in China, Mr. John Schdnberg.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



GENERAL FREY, HIS STAFF, AND THE FRENCH DETACHMENT ENTERING THE IMPERIAL PALACE BY THE NORTH GATE.



WITH THE ALLIED FORCES TO PEKING: UNLOADING STORES FROM COMMISSARIAT JUNKS.

Sketch (Pencil) by our Special Artist in China, Mr. John Schönborg.

THE RETURN OF GENERAL BULLER.



GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C., G.C.B., K.C.M.G., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FORCES IN NATAL DURING THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

Drawn by S. Begg.

THE RETURN OF GENERAL BULLER.



ONE OF THE DEEDS WHICH GAVE GENERAL BULLER HIS V.C.: THE RESCUE OF CAPTAIN D'ARCY DURING THE ZULU WAR.

DRAWN BY R. CURRIE WOODVILLE.

Sir Robert (then Colonel) Buller won his V.C. in 1879, during the Zulu War, for three distinct acts of gallantry. On March 28 he was in command of the mounted infantry, and was ordered by Sir Evelyn Wood to cross the Tlidlidana Mountain. The Zulus, however, were in such large numbers that the task was impossible. The British cavalry were retiring when Colonel Buller saved Captain D'Arcy's life by lifting him upon his horse. Later on in the day he rescued Lieutenant Everett and a trooper, in spite of the close proximity of the enemy.

GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C., G.C.B., K.C.M.G.



SIR REDVERS BULLER'S HOME: THE GENERAL'S OWN ROOM.



SIR REDVERS BULLER'S HOME: THE MORNING ROOM.

The personality of the gallant soldier to whom the nation is accorded a thoroughly deserved welcome—for it is he and he alone who bore the brunt of the first months of the South African Campaign—is, curiously, little known to the public. As the General proved on more than one occasion during the last twelve months, no man is more modest or more anxious to give credit to himself, and the reader will search in vain in popular books of reference for anything more than the briefest and baldest record of a truly heroic career.

The future General earned his first laurels on the historic playing-fields of Eton, and on leaving school he entered the Army at the age of seventeen, joining the King's Royal Rifles as Ensign, being just too late to take part in the Indian Mutiny. He first saw active service in 1860, in China, when the "Sweepers" greatly distinguished themselves at the storming of the Taku Forts. It was then that young Buller for the first time enjoyed the pleasure, renewed during each one of his subsequent campaigns, of being mentioned in despatches. It was during the Red River Expedition that he came into close personal communication with the retiring Commander-in-Chief; he did so well that Colonel Wolsley, as he then was called, said: "When we start on our next campaign I shall try and take you with me." Three years later young Buller, then studying at the Staff College, accompanied Lord Wolsley to the West Coast of Africa.

The Dark Continent, both North and South, has played an immense part in Sir Redvers' career. It was during the Kaffir and Zulu Wars of 1878-79 that the future General came first prominently to the front, winning the Victoria Cross, not by one, but by a series of gallant deeds, the second of these, the rescue of Lieutenant Everett, having been described by Sir Evelyn Wood as the bravest deed he ever saw. It was about this time that Buller was on one occasion almost continuously in the saddle for a hundred hours, during which time he and his men fought in two sharp engagements, and covered over 170 miles of ground. It was during the year which won him his V.C. that the gallant officer was associated with the painful incident of the Prince Imperial's death, the Prince being attached at the time to the division of which Buller was in command; and it was to him Carey had to report the sad occurrence.

Two years later, in 1881, Colonel Buller became Chief of Staff to Sir Evelyn Wood during the Boer War.

He was in Cape Town when the news of Majuba Hill and Colley's death came to hand, and it need hardly be said that he was one of those who were keenly anxious that the war should continue; but peace was signed before those on the spot were able to communicate with the Home authorities.

The following year found the now famous soldier head of the Intelligence Department during Sir Garnet Wolsley's Egyptian Campaign. He was present at Tel-el-Kebir, and, as usual, greatly distinguished himself. While in the Sudan Campaign of 1884-85, he achieved the greatest military triumphs of his life, not

Duke of Connaught in the command at Aldershot, and he had been engaged in his new duties just one year when he was entrusted with the charge of the army sent out to South Africa last autumn. The military history of the Transvaal Campaign has yet to be written, and the future historian will probably give a very much higher place to the achievements of General Sir Redvers Buller than some of his contemporaries have seemed inclined to do. This much may be said here and now; those officers who have served under the gallant commander during the last twelve months are enthusiastic in his praise; and not till the South African Campaign has come to a complete and to a fortunate conclusion, will it be known with what pertinacity and dogged courage General Sir Redvers Buller met almost insuperable difficulties and successfully overcame them.

The General is never seen to so much advantage as when in the neighbourhood of his beautiful Devonshire home, Downes, near Crediton. Although he did not inherit the family estates till some twenty-eight years ago, on the death of an elder brother, he was born at Downes, and spent there all his childhood, and his holidays as an Eton boy. He is passionately fond of the place, and of the West-country people, and his tenants and neighbours return the compliment with interest.

Every step of his really splendid career, from the days when he was Ensign Buller to his recent exploits in South Africa, have been followed with almost painful interest by the worthy inhabitants of Crediton, who have just prepared in his honour a splendid reception. "On his Downes estate," as was once observed by an old personal friend, "there is not a blade of grass that Buller has not watched, not a cottage that he has not planned, not a labourer that he has not known as a boy." When apparently fully taken up with official duties in Ireland, in London, and at Aldershot, he yet found time to concern himself with the local affairs of Crediton. Aided by his wife, who is an admirable organiser, he not only actively assisted, but also actually started, several of the most important local charities and philanthropic institutions. Thanks also to his efforts, the neighbourhood has greatly increased in material prosperity, for he has done all he could to persuade not only the local magnates, but also the small farmers, to go in for that type of farming and horse-breeding for which Devonshire is best suited. At one time Sir Redvers was a regular exhibitor and prize-winner of red Devon



SIR REDVERS BULLER'S HOME: THE LIBRARY.

only turning the tide in the hard-fought Tannai and El-Feb engagements, but also extricating, after the tragic fate of Sir Herbert Stewart and of Colonel Burnaby, the Desert Column from its perilous situation at Metemma.

Then followed fourteen years of hard administrative work at home. In 1886 Buller was made Under-Secretary for Ireland, Sir M. Hicks Beach being Chief Secretary; the following year saw him appointed Quartermaster-General to the Forces, a responsible post he held till 1890, succeeding Lord Wolsley as Adjutant-General; he retained the post of A.G. till two years ago, when he succeeded the



SIR REDVERS BULLER'S HOME: THE DINING-ROOM.



SIR REDVERS BULLER'S HOME: THE NURSERY.

zattle at Smithfield. He is a great believer in the fruit-producing qualities of the Western country, and not only the pine-houses, but the orchards of Downes are justly famed, one of the latter containing a group of French apple-trees imported from Normandy. It is a touching and characteristic fact that during his frequent absences, including the last year spent in South Africa, nothing has been done on the estate without the General being consulted.

As a hewer of wood, his exploits as a younger man rivalled those of Mr. Gladstone—indeed, it was the love of this particular form of exercise which early in his life almost cost him a limb. Just before he started for China, as he was cutting down a huge tree in the park, his axe slipped and inflicted an ugly wound. The local doctor feared gangrene, and tried to persuade young Buller to have the leg taken off. "No, thank you," answered the young soldier; "I prefer to die with two legs rather than go through life with one"; and, perhaps owing to his youth, splendid physique, and indomitable spirit, the wound healed up, and the injured leg has been for forty years as useful as the other.

The marriage of General Sir Redvers Buller to Lady Audrey Howard, the young widow of his cousin, the Hon. Greville Howard, took place in 1882. Lady Audrey is one of the two sisters of the late Lord Townshend, the other being Lady St. Levan. At the time of her second marriage she was the mother of four children, two sons and two daughters, to whom Sir Redvers has proved the kindest of step-fathers. The elder Mr. Howard, to the deep grief of

pass every moment of holiday-time at Downes, and the various living-rooms of the house are filled with memorials of the General's long and glorious career. His own study, where he transacts the business connected with his estates, as well as much of that

whom the nation delights to honour, and to lower the "Soldiers of the Queen" in the eyes of the world—that world which has watched with undisguised admiration the grand work they have performed for their Sovereign and their country.

From the very kindness of their hearts, their innate politeness, and their gratitude for the welcome accorded them, it will be difficult for the men to refuse what is offered to them by their too generous friends.

I therefore beg earnestly that the British public refrain from tempting my gallant comrades, but will rather aid them to uphold the splendid reputation they have won for the Imperial Army.

I am very proud that I am able to record, with the most absolute truth, that the conduct of this Army from first to last has been exemplary. Not one single case of serious crime has been brought to my notice—indeed, nothing that deserves the name of crime. There has been no necessity for appeals or orders to the men to behave properly. I have trusted implicitly to their own soldier's feeling and good sense, and I have not trusted in vain. They bore themselves like heroes on the battlefield, and like gentlemen on all other occasions.

Most malicious falsehoods were spread abroad by the authorities in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal as to the brutality of Great Britain's soldiers, and as to the manner in which the women and children might expect to be treated. We found, on first entering towns and villages, doors closed and shops shut up, while only English-born people were to be seen in the streets. But



GENERAL BULLER IN 1879.



MISS BULLER.



LADY BULLER.

his parents, died in India some eighteen months ago. Lady Audrey's other son, Mr. Charles Alfred Howard, has served through the recent war.

Sir Redvers and his bride were actually on their honeymoon when the bridegroom received his marching orders. Without losing a moment, he and Lady Audrey hurried home to Downes, and the day following that of their arrival Sir Redvers started for Egypt. Then followed anxious days for his wife and step-children. On his return from this his first campaign as a married man, the pretty little town of Crediton gave him a splendid welcome, and over the doorway of Downes were inscribed the words: "After the battle a peaceful home awaits thee." In the interval which occurred between the Egyptian War of 1882 and the Sudan Expedition of 1884 his only child, a daughter, was born. She was christened Audrey Charlotte Georgiana, and even as a child her remarkable resemblance to her gallant father was very striking. She has grown up a thorough soldier's daughter, though, fortunately for herself, she has never had, till this past year, to suffer the anguish which falls to the

concerning his official military duties, is a charming apartment panelled in oak up to within a few feet of the ceiling, and hung with fine old family portraits. The library, another favourite room of both Sir Redvers and Lady Audrey, contains, in addition to a good many military classics, an excellent assortment of modern literature; while on the top of the bookcases, and above the mantelpiece, is arranged some fine china collected by the General and his wife during their brief Continental journeys. The morning room, which Sir Redvers and his family use as a general sitting-room, contains more military relics than any other apartment, a prominent object, skilfully slung between two fine stags' heads, being the curious square flag captured by the General from Osman Digna. At the present moment especial interest attaches to an exquisite piece of Chinese metal-work rescued from the loot of the Summer Palace at Peking in 1860 by the then Lieutenant Buller. In the morning room also is a good collection of modern books; for the famous soldier has very distinct literary tastes, and he has never yet started on a campaign without putting in his kit Bacon's "Essays" and Charles Lamb's "Essays of Elia." Sir Redvers has the excellent taste to prefer the work of Mr. George Meredith among modern novelists, and as a lad he was devoted to Sir Walter Scott.

AN APPEAL BY LORD ROBERTS.

To the Editor of "The Illustrated London News."

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me, through the medium of your paper, to make an appeal to my countrymen and women upon a subject I have very much at heart, and which has been occupying my thoughts for some time past.

All classes of the United Kingdom have shown such a keen interest in the Army serving in South Africa, and have been so munificent in their efforts to supply every need of that Army, that I feel sure they must be eagerly looking forward to its return, and to giving our brave

very shortly all this was changed. Doors were left open, shutters were taken down, and people of all nationalities moved freely about, in the full assurance that they had nothing to fear from "the man in khaki," no matter how battered and war-stained his appearance.

This testimony will, I feel sure, be very gratifying to the people of Great Britain, and of that Greater Britain whose sons have shared to the fullest extent in the suffering as well as the glory of the war, and who have helped so materially to bring it to a successful close.

I know how keen my fellow-subjects will be to show their appreciation of the upright and honourable bearing, as well as the gallantry of our sailors and soldiers, and I would entreat them, in return for all these grand men have done for them, to abstain from any action that might bring the smallest discredit upon those who have so worthily upheld the credit of their country.

I am induced to make this appeal from having read, with great regret, that when our troops were leaving England, and passing through the streets of London, their



SIR REDVERS BULLER'S HOME, DOWNES, NEAR CREDITON



SIR REDVERS BULLER'S HOME: THE DECORATIONS IN CELEBRATION OF THE GENERAL'S RETURN FROM THE EGYPTIAN WAR.

lot of those left behind, for on the last occasion (the Sudan Campaign of 1884-85) when General Sir Redvers Buller took part in a campaign Miss Buller was only two years old.

At one time both Sir Redvers and Lady Audrey spent a good deal of their spare time during the winter months of each year in the hunting-field, and Miss Buller is an admirable horsewoman, never happier than when accompanying her father to a local meet. The family always

soldiers and sailors the hearty welcome they so well deserve when they get back to their native land.

It is about the character of this welcome, and the effect it may have on the reputations of the troops whom I have been so proud to command, that I am anxious, and that I venture to express an opinion. My sincere hope is that the welcome may not take the form of "treating" the men to stimulants in public-houses or in the streets, and thus lead them into excesses which must tend to degrade those

injurious friends pressed liquor upon them, and shoved bottles of spirits into their hands and pockets—a mode of "speeding the parting" friend which resulted in some very distressing and discreditable scenes. I fervently hope there may be no such scenes to mar the brightness of the welcome home.—I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

ROBERTS, F.-M.

Headquarters of the Army in South Africa,
Pretoria, September 30, 1900.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Country of Life. By Charles Whibley. (London: Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
In the Ice-World of Himalaya. By Fanny Bullock Workman and William H. Workman. (London: Fisher Unwin. 10s.)
Life of Cotton, R.E., K.C.S.I. By his son, Lady Hope. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 12s.)
Breakers. By Gertrude Dix. (London: Long. 3s. 6d.)
Parole. By Olive Garnett. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
Males of the Heart. By Violet Hunt. (London: Freeman. 6s.)

There is no more brilliant pen at work amongst us than Mr. Whibley's, as "The Pageantry of Life" is here to testify. No matter how extravagant his point, he elaborates it with a gravity from which the ironic mask never falls; and, as if to prove that truth lies not in the mean but in the extremes, his audacity carries him through the preposterous, and lands him in wisdom on the other side. Not that we find him always wise in his judgments on life, though where we fail very possibly we do not sufficiently disregard, as Mr. Whibley would say, "the depressing virtues bequeathed us by the Puritans." But to set up Mr. Whibley as a paragon of wisdom is not unlike one of his own paradoxes, which possess a great deal more of reasonableness than shows upon the surface. "The Pageantry of Life" is not reasonable, as, for example, Mr. Lecky's "Map of Life" is reasonable—one feels it necessary to apologise to both authors for the comparison—but it is indefatigable in its pursuit of the unobvious truth, even though the pursuit may be made with the tongue in the cheek. All the chapters are not so good in quality as the "Introduction," or as "Disraeli the Younger"—an excellent bit of work—yet the book as a whole carries itself off, for Mr. Whibley has the courage of his convictions, which are chiefly concerned with the futility of all convictions. Or, perhaps, we shall be describing Mr. Whibley better if we say that he has the courage of his "lay."

The difficulties encountered by Dr. and Mrs. Workman "in the ice world of Himalaya" were less commonly provided by the peaks assaulted than by the coolies whose assistance as carriers had to be retained. The Aryan brother of Britistan and Ladakh is no mean mountaineer, but he has a rooted antipathy to ice and snow, more especially when the object of encountering these disagreeables is not obvious to him. Climbing ice-peaks under circumstances of much discomfort with the object of coming down again is not a form of labour that commends itself to him, and we are not surprised to find that the energetic Doctor and his courageous wife were much handicapped by the unwillingness of their men. Thanks to their own indomitable perseverance and to the skilled assistance of the famous Swiss guide Zurbriggen, they succeeded in scaling several summits in Ladakh and Baltistan, and in taking photographs of their magnificent surroundings. Their most noteworthy achievement was the conquest of Koser Gunge, whose crest rises 21,000 ft. above the level of the sea. There were no great difficulties about the earlier part of the ascent, but they had to force their way to the top in a terrific snow-storm which might well have compelled a party of men to retreat. Had this been the only feat accomplished by Mrs. Workman it would entitle her to a place easily first among lady mountaineers: such courage, physical activity, and endurance are rarely found in woman. The book is largely descriptive of scenery; this is not wonderful, when it is remembered what a marvellous world is opened to the eyes of those who scale lofty pass or mountain top in the Himalayas. There is no straining after the sensational, for the authors are experienced climbers, and take the risks and hardships of glacier and ridge as matters of course. Their book should do something to encourage amateur climbers sighing for fresh hill-tops to conquer to go further afield than Switzerland and the Dolomites. The illustrations from photographs are numerous and excellent. That of the authors, on one of the virgin peaks they reached, 18,600 ft. high, is one of the best.

If Sir Arthur Cotton was not, in the strict sense, one of the makers of the Indian Empire, he was certainly one of its mainstays. Very unostentatiously he did his work as a fighter: not a fighter against his fellow-men, but against the common foe—famine. He pitted himself against that terrible destroyer; wrote letters against it to half-interested statesmen; gave evidence against it in uncongenial Parliamentary Committee-rooms, where the "vested interests" of railways were held sacred against designs for cheap transit of food-stuffs by canals; spoke against it on platforms at Manchester and elsewhere; prayed against it after the old fashion of that simple piety which was the note of many great soldiers and administrators earlier in the century; and grappled with it face to face at Godavari by irrigation works that are still spoken of as the cheapest and most effectual in the world. Sir Arthur Cotton wanted fifty millions of money with which to fight wholesale against famine in India. Many a "little war" has cost more than that. But what Government would listen? "So near his heart lay this ever-burning question," says his daughter, "so fervent were his desires that his schemes for a far more general irrigation of the country should be

carried out to the full, and so heart-breaking was the grief to him, as time rolled on, that the absolute fulfilment of his dearest wishes was either postponed or neglected, that when this long and earnest life had closed, I felt it incumbent on me to obey the request he had so often made, in his own touching and pathetic way, that I would gather together the various papers and documents which he had left, and make use of them for the benefit of India, and the supplying of its vast needs." That is putting the case moderately; and



LIEUTENANT ARTHUR COTTON, R.E.

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Sir Arthur Cotton, being dead, yet speaks in these pages on his favourite theme. It carries its own convincing eloquence in its barest statements. That the book will be influential in the cause for which it has been written—the cause, in one word, of irrigation—is almost certain; and to that end it has the able assistance of some "Famine Prevention Studies," contributed by Mr. William L. H. Sir Arthur was himself a mechanical genius at this sort of work. Card-making was an amusement of his boyhood, and when he entered the Royal Engineers he was soon ordered for the Tank Department. He had many illnesses, notably one, and found it necessary to take holiday from India, in Tasmania, a conjunction which no doubt suggested to him some of his forcible allusions to water as the wealth of India, more precious than the gold of Australia. These early illnesses, during one of which his grave was actually dug, were belied by his vigorous old age, for he was hale enough at the age of ninety-four to be photographed amid corn he had grown to a height of six feet,

husband thereupon proceeds to divert himself with a titled *diorcée* in the most open and shameless manner. But we refrain from relating the whole sordid story. The real surprises begin when, ten years later, the husband rescues his sometime wife from the clutches of the monster with whom she had seen fit to clope. He establishes her in a wing of his country house, and she thereupon sets herself to regain his affections. Of course, she had never really lost them, but to prolong the agony—and the story—she is allowed to suppose that she has, and her husband saves her life quite a number of times before he finally takes her back to him entirely. While "On Parole" both husband and wife pose as persons of the nicest virtue, and the beautiful Violet is represented as little short of an injured martyr. Mrs. Young has apparently some slight talent for low comedy: the life below stairs is amusingly depicted, and affords the reader some relief from the melodramatic heroine.

Despite that its subject is the passion of love, which is treated as being its own justification, "The Image-Breakers," by Gertrude Dix, is a singularly cold and unemotional book. Not once, though there is much in the history of the two women Rosalind and Leslie Argent that might search us for tears, are we carried out of ourselves, or made to quit the standpoint of the cool-headed spectator. Yet let us say at once that it is a well-written book, and in a certain way a well-conceived book; that in a curiously cold-blooded manner it opens the door upon not uninteresting conditions of life in London; and that, in consideration of the story, we are grateful to the author for eschewing gush and emotionalism in the telling of it. We have no patience to write of the story itself. A course of recent sex-problem novels might prepare us for anything, and we are far from saying or thinking that "The Image-Breakers" is extreme of its kind. But because of a high-mindedness as well as a wrong-mindedness (as we think) in it, we deplore particularly that this book should have been written as it has been written. We can only marvel that anyone could conceive and set as a special problem to be solved, relationships which are just as common as men and women, and require neither lawless conditions for their presentation nor lawless experiences for their solution. But, of course, this is just what the writers who insist on sex-problems will never see.

We cannot speak from knowledge, but we have an impression that in these "Petersburg Tales" Miss Olive Garnett reproduces very faithfully, not merely the externals of the Russian capital, but some of its subtle moods. "All we intelligent Russians suffer horribly; in some mysterious way you are tuned up to this note; it touches you, and you evoke it," says a Russian character in one of the stories to the Englishwoman who is supposed to be the narrator. It is a note up to which Miss Garnett herself is tuned in "The Case of Vetrova" and "Roukoff," the two tales in the volume which justify its title. This is a value that must be acknowledged with the many others which these stories possess as literature. "The Secret of the Universe" has only the slightest link with Russia, while "Out of It" has none at all; and they are not entirely successful. The "Secret of the Universe," despite many fine qualities, misses the mark apparently because of some essential unsuitableness; and it shows too markedly the influence of Mr. Henry James, which in "Out of It" results, to our minds, in something akin to complete failure. But we prefer to go back to the Russian stories, which are admirable. Miss Garnett does not discover an original talent—the source of her inspiration is very evident—but that influence does not destroy her individuality, and it compels her to a finish in her work which is only one of the qualities that we heartily congratulate her upon.

Miss Violet Hunt's volume of short stories is bright reading. Two or three of the briefer sketches might have been advantageously omitted, and the dialogue story, which sets forth the cool assurance of the Society poet who has been philandering with two ladies, is like a ghost out of a long-forgotten mode. For that matter, so is the dialogue form of story-telling, except in the hands of a master like "Gyp," and even the tricks of that audacious writer have begun to pall. Miss Hunt is clever and observant, and she catches a little—just a very little—of the pathos of womanhood that misses its way in the world. She has a glimpse of it in the social eddies, and gives us a vignette of its fugitive

wistfulness. That is an artistic element, but it is not much for a talent to subsist upon. With all her cleverness Miss Hunt fails to see much that anybody cares to remember. In spite of feminine independence—much cry and little wool—a woman's *milieu* remains narrow and circumscribed. A year or two ago everybody was astonished by the strength of a woman's story. "Life is Life," a piece of youth-terrifying realism to reviewers who had never read Maupassant, and did not know that his performances in that line made the work of "Zuck" seem as ginger-beer unto alcohol. Miss Hunt does not alarm anyone, even in her most satirical moments, for a woman's satire never touches the root of anything. Still, the author of "Affairs of the Heart" might do herself more justice if she could expand her horizon.

For a List of Books Received see page 677.



CAIRN ON ROCK LEDGE, ABOUT THIRTY FEET WIDE, NEAR SUMMIT OF SIEGFRIEDHORN.

Reproduced from "In the Ice-World of Himalaya," by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.

he himself overtopping it; and almost down to the day of his death at Poking in the latter half of last year, he was inditing letters on the subject that was at his heart.

Obviously Mrs. Young (Mina Doyle) is among those who are content "to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth." We fear that a certain unenviable notoriety is likely to be her only reward; and even that is problematical. The plot of "On Parole" is at once incredible and absurd. An actress, young, beautiful, and gifted, marries a wealthy and indulgent husband. Wearying, however, of a life which, by all accounts, can only have been one degree quieter than the stage itself, she decides to return to her profession. When her husband refuses his consent, she promptly runs away with a certain Signor Tadelli, who is a brute. The

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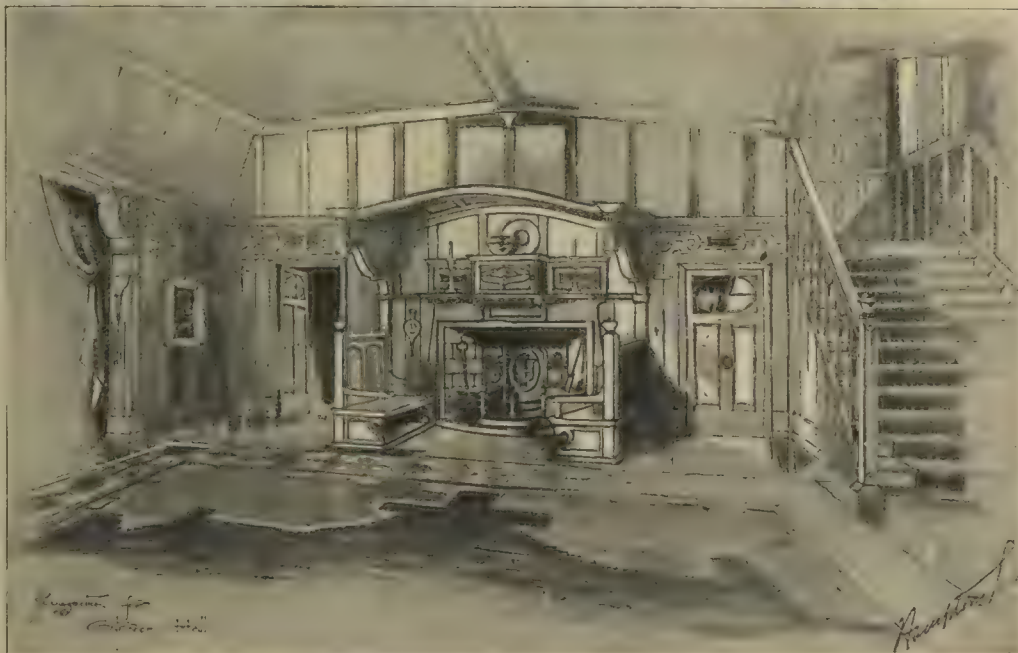
"Butterfly," in the "Lady's Pictorial," says—

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And now may I add a personal and practical detail which will appeal to everybody? Though the Catalogue is decidedly unique, the goods which it portrays beautiful and varied to a degree, and the great galleries in Pall Mall East, where they have a temporary abiding place, decidedly magnificent, this same unique Catalogue gives most pleasing and convincing proof that the prices are of a moderation only made possible by the magnitude of the scale on which Hampton's conduct their transactions, both of buying and selling. So you see that though Hampton's are a favourite firm with multi-millionaires, the young couple setting up housekeeping on a modest scale can also aspire to furnish at this famous house, and, while keeping well within the limits of the cash at their disposal, secure really artistic furniture, which will always be worthy of any other home that good fortune may give them in later years.

Altogether this book is a thing of beauty and of usefulness from that first page, which deals with baths and sanitary appliances, to the last, which brings to a close a series of exquisite reproductions of Hampton's engravings of famous pictures—a positive little art gallery this! No mere description can possibly do it justice, so all those who are furnishing throughout should write to Messrs. Hampton & Sons, and make arrangements for seeing it and studying it for themselves.



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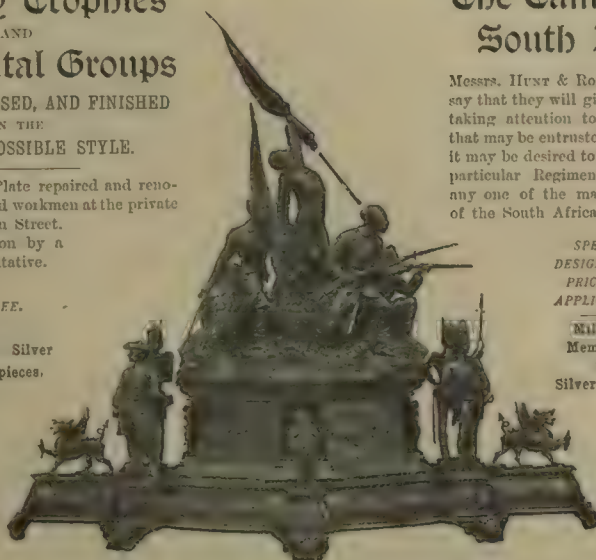
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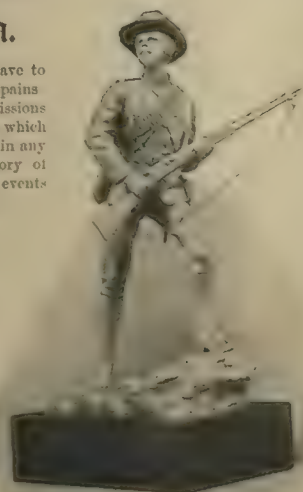
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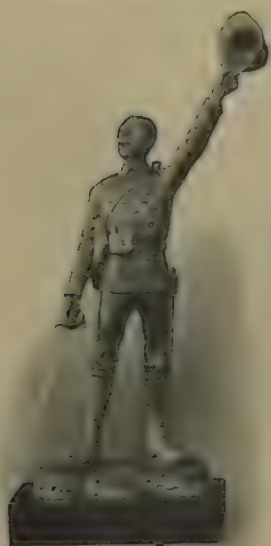
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ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

About forty-eight hours after these lines appear in print, the most stupendous spectacular and architectonic effort of the nineteenth century—and perhaps of all the centuries past and to come—will have ceased to be an "actuality," and be relegated in the minds of those who witnessed it, to the chapter of reminiscences. The history of this gigantic—nay, Titanic—achievement has as yet to be written; when its fitting historian appears, probably in a few years from now, it will be found that, in spite of the many errors connected with it, this achievement alone was sufficient to stamp the French nation as the most artistic in the world. No doubt the thought of proving her supremacy in that respect induced France finally to give her almost unanimous adhesion to the project when it was breached, and subsequently developed beyond the limits originally assigned to it. It would be unfair to credit the primary projectors with nothing more than mere vicarious artistic ambition.

I feel certain that an even loftier idea than artistic ambition presided at the conception and genesis of the scheme. Some months ago, when presenting the readers with an imperfect sketch of M. Alfred Picard, I happened to mention M. Jules Roche, at whose instance M. Picard set to work. I hinted pretty plainly that the World's Show of 1900 was conceived for the purpose of cutting the ground from under the feet of Germany—or, to be accurate, of Prussia—which was suspected of harbouring a similar design. But even the wish to forestall the Germans was not the main factor in the affair. In the minds of those who eight years ago were at the helm of the French vessel of State, an impression prevailed—and it most likely prevailed in the minds of their successors—that Exhibitions are conducive to the peace of the world. Personally, I am of opinion that no greater error has ever emanated from the brains of clever men. I am bound to state that, in this instance, I belong to an infinitesimal, not to say a despicable, minority.

And this is where the paradox comes in. The sincerest admirers of France cannot consistently call her a peaceful nation. She would be, if she could succeed in gagging Paris, but she cannot do that, and perhaps she would not if she could. During the thirty years of its nominal existence, the Third Republic has never been able to afford France that internal peace which is the most priceless possession of a people, inasmuch as it not only enables her to devote the whole of her energies to her own material, mental, and moral progress, but inspires her would-be assailants with a wholesome fear of attacking such a serious and thoroughly united front. I have no hesitation in saying that Paris, and Paris only, is the most formidable obstacle to such internal peace.

The projectors of the Exhibition flattered themselves that, in the first place, the publication of their plan and the almost immediate beginning of its execution would contribute to the wished-for peace. The country was still quivering with the ground-swell of the "Panama Scandal," and the intention to bury it for ever was a huddle one. I am not forgetting that many of the foremost politicians who applauded M. Roche's conception were directly or indirectly implicated in this unsavoury business; and that many more were suspected of being concerned in it. The incendiary who turns fireman is not an admirable creature; he is, however, one degree less bad than the incendiary who lets the building he has set ablaze burn to the ground.

Then came the Dreyfus affair, which, after all, no one could foresee; and the terrible agitation in connection with it lasted up to the very eve of the Exhibition, when it was scotched, but not killed. Concurrently with it the Fashoda complication sprang up. The Dreyfus case was hushed up into silence, the Fashoda grievance was allowed to drop, and all in consequence of the Exhibition, the prosperity of which, it was agreed on all hands, ought not to be jeopardised on any account, whether by outstanding quarrels at home or abroad. Firemen of all classes, or, rather, the inhabitants of Paris—including the journalists—were agreed to hold their peace when the South African War broke out. They had no more right to go beyond academic comment and criticism of the matter than we should have if some of the Arab tribes in Algeria revolted against France, and the latter were determined to stamp out such revolt by every means in her power; but the natural dislike to England got the upper hand of international courtesy, and we know what happened. The French know it, too, and to their cost, although they are not willing to admit it.

The Chamber of Deputies was made safe during the Exhibition period by being shut up. I am writing this on the eve of its reopening, and, as my readers are aware, I am not fond of prophesying. It needs, however, no prophet to foretell the coming of stormy scenes. General André, the Marquis de Gallifet's successor at the War Office, has introduced changes of various kinds which, to put it mildly, are calculated to divide the whole body of French officers into two distinct camps. I am not discussing either the necessity or the futility of said measures; I am merely stating facts which, though indignantly denied by almost every Frenchman in the presence of a foreigner, are openly discussed when Frenchmen are by themselves. One part of the French Army consists of officers and men secretly worked upon by the higher priesthood and by the congregations; the other part is influenced by the Republicans, trying to counteract clerical influence, and not altogether unprepared to tear the Concordat—that is, the contract between the Papacy and the First Napoleon—apart. The Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, an able man, if ever there was one, would fain steer a middle course. It is most doubtful whether either side will let him. And thus the era of peace which was to have been inaugurated by the Exhibition has merely proved an interlude of peace; and the fallacy of Exhibitions in that respect is once more shown.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J H S Liverpool.—Thanks for your letter. We have tried to rectify the error.

A Watson and Many Others.—But what happens in No. 249 when P takes R, discovering check?

P H Williams (Hampstead).—The position is pretty and the play clear, and, if correct it shall appear.

Charles Perrett (Bingley).—Thanks for new problem, which shall be examined. In reply to your solution to No. 249, when Black replies E takes R, where is mate next move?

P H Williams.—Thanks for problem, which we hope to publish at no distant date.

W H Gundry.—Your contribution is very acceptable.

G S Johnson.—The problem shall be re-examined.

J D Taylor (Houghton-le-Spring).—"Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern." Apply to editor of *British Chess Magazine*, 30, Park Cross Street, Leeds.

J H S Liverpool.—We appreciate the trouble you have taken, but I think it is better to let it go. P takes R, 2 Kt to Q 7th ch, K to Q 5th, there is no mate. P to Q Kt 3rd, as you suggest.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS Nos. 242 and 243 received from G A M Penning of No. 247 from J Maxworthy, Hook, C 100's 11-31 Junior Chess Club, and Eugene Henry of No. 248 from C H H Clifton, Maudslayi, A S Hanbury (King's Heath), J M Moore, Folkestone, C M O L, Edward J Sharpe, and J Bailey (Newark).

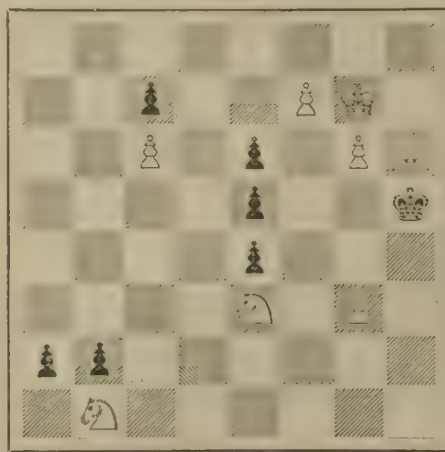
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 249 received from T G Ware, Julia Short (Exeter), J A S Hanbury, Alpha, Martin F. Soes, J Maxworthy, C E H Clifton, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Eugene Henry, P Tode, (Sutton), C M A B, Clement C. Hanby, F T (Worthing), D H R Olan, W H Sik (Moseley), J H Warburton Lee (Whitechurch), F J S (Hampstead), W A Lico (Edinburgh), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Gulham), Shadforth, Miss D Green, C H Shaw Stewart, P R Pickering, Henswood, W M Kelly (Worthing), F W Moore (Brighton), J F Moon, C H U Oxford, T Roberts, Edith Corser (Brighton), H S Brundreth (Meran), C E Peruzzi, F W C (Wallingford), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W T Bell (Nottingham), H Le June, W G S (Frost College), Nangle (Dublin), R Watters (Canterbury), H Sadler (Brighton), E J Winter Wood, F S Smith (Oxford), and W A Barnard (Uppingham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 248.—By W. C. BROSSEMAN.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K 6th.	E takes R.
2. Q to R 6th.	R to K 4th.
3. Q to Q sq, mate.	

If Black play 1. K to K 4th, 2. Q to R 5th ch, and if 1. R takes P, 2. Q to R 5th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 250.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

CHESS IN LIFE.

Game played in a simultaneous exhibition by Mr. TISSLEY.

(Queen's Pawn Game).

WHITE (Mr. Tinsley).	BLACK (Mr. Sturton).	WHITE (Mr. Tinsley).	BLACK (Mr. Sturton).
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	21. Q to B 5th	Q takes Q
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	22. R takes Q	R to B 3rd
3. K to Q B 3rd	K to Q B 3rd	23. R to B sq	P to Q 4th
4. P to Kt 5th	P to K 2nd	24. K to R 3rd	P to K 3rd
5. P to K 3rd	Castles	25. Kt to Q sq	Q R to Q sq
6. Kt to K B 3rd	P to B 3rd	26. R to K 5th	K R to Q 3rd
This move is four times criticised, but it opens the way for Q to K 3rd, R 4th, etc., and supports the pawn in the centre.			
7. R to Q 3rd	P takes P	27. R to K 7th	K R to Q 2nd
8. R takes P	K to Q 4th	28. Kt to B 7th	
9. R takes B	P takes B		
10. Castles	Kt to Q 2nd		
11. P to Q 3rd	Q to B 3rd		
12. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 4th		
One of the losing moves, leaving the Q P very weak, as appears later.			
13. R takes Kt	K P takes B	29. Kt takes R	R takes R
14. K to K 5th	B to K 2nd	30. P takes P	P takes P
15. P to B 4th	Q R to B sq	31. Kt takes B	R takes Kt
16. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to K 5th	32. R takes P	K to K 2nd
17. Kt takes R	P takes R	33. K to B 2nd	K to R 3rd
18. Q to Q B 2nd	P to K B 3rd	34. P to R 4th	R to K 4th
19. Kt to Kt 4th	P to K R 4th	35. K to K 2nd	P to K 5th
20. Kt to B 2nd	P to K B 4th	36. R to Q 2nd	R to K 2nd
There is now a capital opening for Kt at			
		37. K to Q 5th	R to Q 3rd
		38. K to B 4th	R to Q 2nd
		39. P to Q 5th	K to K 2nd
		40. P to K 6th	K to B 3rd
		41. K to Q 5th	R to Q 2nd

In the second game in our issue of Oct. 27 the white play "in the same manner" in the heading, should be deleted. We are informed it was in off-hand game played at the L. C. Chess Club.

Lady Audrey Buller has kindly promised that, unless prevented by official engagements, General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., will preside at a fully illustrated lecture entitled "Four Months in Belaguered Ladysmith," to be given on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 29, at the Queen's Hall, by Mr. W. T. Maud, Special Artist of the *Graphic*, and late A.D.C. to General Ian Hamilton, in aid of the funds of the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital.

Messrs. Landecker and Brown, of 28 and 30, Worship Street, E.C., have just issued two new and excellent engravings. The first, entitled "In Sweet Accord," is after the painting by Maude Goodman, and forms a companion to the same artist's charming work, "When all the World Seems Gay"; the second is Mr. Frank Calder's "Home Again," and is a companion to his well-known picture, "Parting is such sweet Sorrow." Both paintings show the artists at their best.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A friend suggested to me the other day a somewhat curious topic in the way of a scientific consideration which materially concerns a certain important daily habit of the average man—to wit, his matutinal "tub." Discussing the question of work and energy in relation to the living body—which is an admirable storehouse of energy, I need hardly say, economically regarded—my friend, who happens to be an engineer, suggested the question, What amount of this bodily energy is liberated or spent in the act of taking one's morning cold bath? To discuss this interesting point we require to attend to one or two preliminary details in the way of paving the way for my friend's contentions.

Energy is the "power of doing work," and the work done by a human body, like that of a machine, may be expressed in certain very definite terms. To start with, all our energy is derived from the food we consume, and I suppose it is not difficult to trace the real source of our power back to the fires of the Sun. It is the orb of day that renders plant life possible, and the plant is the supporter, directly or indirectly, of animal life. It is the same with the engine or with the production of the electric light: you have to expend something to get something, and the coal which really makes the engine work and produces the electric light through the motion of the engine, again leads us back to the Sun. The carbon locked up in the coal, which is the potential source of the energy, was made by the Sun's light and heat ages ago, when the carboniferous forests flourished, and through their debris gave us the black jewels of to-day.

Now our food utilised in the body has its energy variously applied and distributed. We want power to move our muscles, power to enervate our brain-cells, power to add to our tissues and to enable us to grow, power to digest our food, power to circulate our blood, and power to produce heat. But the production of heat is practically the same thing as producing or liberating energy; hence the foods—fats, of course—which contain most carbon and most combustible material, are precisely those which serve best to stoke the living furnace. In other words, the fats stand first as energy-producers, and next to them come the starches and the sugars, whereof each day we consume a very fair amount. Loss of heat must needs imply loss of energy. We have to produce heat for our bodily purposes, and therefore it costs us—in every sense of the word "cost"—a good deal to keep the bodily mechanism up to the full standard of its work.

These are preliminary considerations, as I have said. We now come to my friend's little lesson in the dissipation of energy, as represented in the morning tub. When we plunge into the cold bath, and sponge ourselves, remaining in the bath a given time, of course, it is undeniable that we part with so much of our bodily heat. Now, like all other forms of energy, this heat cannot be destroyed or annihilated. It is only changed in its direction, so to speak, as the doctrine of the correlation of forces teaches beyond all cavil. Assuming that a bath contains six gallons of water, that is, sixty pounds by weight, we may say (I am open to correction on this point) that the temperature of the water will be raised one degree Fahrenheit. We lose heat which passes into the water, and affects it materially by increasing the heat it already contains.

Translating into figures the amount of energy represented by the passage into the water of so much of the bather's heat, we find the scientific data of heat-measurement in relation to work to give us, as a unit, that 772 foot-pounds of work are required to raise one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit. This, of course, is the foundation of Joule's famous computations. A foot-pound of work is the amount of energy required to raise one pound weight one foot high. Now, if we multiply our sixty pounds of water in the bath by 772 foot-pounds of work, we get the startling result of 46,320 foot-pounds as represented by the simple act of taking our tub. This represents the work done by the body while it is in the bath. If the power so expended were utilised in another fashion, it would be equal to that required to raise 46,320 pounds weight one foot high.

Otherwise calculated, a sack of wheat weighs 240 lb. Dividing our 46,320 lb. by the weight of the sack of wheat, we get 193; so that the work done in the bath might be represented by that expended by a man in carrying a sack of wheat up a staircase 193 ft. high, or to the top of the Monument. These are startling statements, but I confess I see no break or flaw in my friend's argument. What people do not realise, of course, is the idea of work done as represented by heat-production and by the translation of this form of energy into other and more practical work. But the facts remain, and I shall be glad of any criticism from readers of this column on the considerations here advanced. I am reminded that a scientific journal some years ago calculated the loss of energy sustained by a boy who ate a penny ice. The result, as far as I can ascertain, worked out in much the same figures as those which represent the work done in the cold bath.

The moral of the story here is that the morning tub is only for the strong and the fit. To the engineer and the physicist the bath represents a decided loss of energy, and the question remains, Can we afford the expense incurred? I should answer this question by suggesting that a saving clause may be found in the fact that the human engine is one which enjoys remarkable powers of development; a large amount of energy quickly on little fuel. There is no mechanical appliance so economical in its ways as a living body. And what we lose in the morning tub may, after all, only represent an expenditure which was well after it, in view of its easy replacement by the healthy body, and by reason of the stimulus which the bath gives to our vital processes. Given when we digest food we have to expend our energy. In stoking our living engine we have to do work. Life is, after all, perhaps more like the robbing Peter to pay Paul than we might be given to suppose.



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A PURER SOAP IS BEYOND THE ART OF SOAPMAKING.



LADIES' PAGES.

Certainly it is in our hats that we are showing the most tokens this season of the "variation and changeableness" (that the old Latin poet attributes to our sex). The change in our head-adornments for the present season is tolerably complete from what held our patronage last winter. Gone are the tall, upstanding trimmings of yester-year; and ostrich-feathers are no longer seen in the guise of perky erect "tips," but are laid down and round the low crowns or hanging over the brims. True it is that the flat trimming is discounted by height or width in the shape—by a huge brim to a hat that is worn above the face like an aureole, or by an immense width of frontage to a folded toque; but the effect is unlike the older upright trimming, of course. Then, for a variety in the change, there are the hats that dip over the forehead, the boat-shaped ones, and, still newer, the Marquise shape, with its point direct over the centre of the face, and not far above the nose, and its high side-curves above each ear. This last-named shape is worn by some more back on the hat, and off the brow, but it has rather a bold appearance in that manner of wearing unless also more fringe is worn to cover the forehead than is now fashionable.

Another point of novelty in the hats is the large quantity of made feathers that can be had in the trimmings: pheasants, barn-door fowls, and many undistinguishable members of the feather tribe are used either singly or made to commingle their plumage into extraordinary but always artistic combinations. Then there are the toques constructed entirely of pheasant-feathers, lighter than fur and as warm; turban-shaped are these, for the most part, as built in Paris, and hardly trimmed at all, just a bow of silk or velvet and a buckle for a finish. The same statement may be made about the velvet toques; very little trimming is added to them, the adroit folding of the lustrous material on the shape and a big buckle to hold it in place being very often regarded as all-sufficient. Two shades of velvet are well mingled to form such toques, the junction being imperceptible in the billowy fold upon fold arranged to frame the face becomingly.

The hats are a little tip-titled, as a rule, by a bandeau adorne with a bow of ribbon or a feather beneath the brim at the left side; but nothing like so much tilted are they now as formerly, and those with wide brims that stand up from the face are not worn tilted at all. These brims are profusely trimmed inside or underneath; in the smarter varieties of the new picture-shape, buckle, feather, folds of tulle, bands of lace, may perchance all appear on the one brim. In the plainer varieties of the wide-brimmed hat, it is only a wide expanse of plain velvet a little draped, or of cloth stitched in many rows with a contrasting silk, and finished off, perhaps, by a little rosette nestling in against the hair, or a pheasant's breast or a nondescript feather which is carried across the front. However it be adorned, a somewhat one-sided effect is given in the trimming alone, so that the chapeau, as regards its foundation, may be



A FASHIONABLE COSTUME OF VELVET.

placed squarely on the head and pinned firmly, and yet not be too formally straight. From the front one sees nothing but the wide brim; the crown is for the back view alone in a picture-hat. One more novelty—not to my personal taste, but to be recorded—the "three-decker" hat, the wearer of which bears an appearance not unlike that of the old-clothes man, who puts three hats on, one above the other, to draw attention; the felt or velvet of the newest of novelties for ladies has three distinctly perceptible brims, in tiers or layers, each stitched or piped round to make it more discernible. Three sorts of fur I have seen thus arranged; the brim next the face was ermine, then came a brim of brown mink, and then a third of caracul, with a Tam-o'-Shanter crown of black velvet above all and a brown ribbon bow for trimming.

This sort of admixture of furs is fashionable, too, on the coats of the winter. A sable cape will have revers and lining to the storm-collar in ermine and a flounce in broadtail; a broadtail coat has revers of chinchilla, and the outside of the collar and cuffs of sable. I have seen a splendid coat of broadtail with a bolero of sable and revers and high collar curving away from the face in chinchilla, a flounce of the pale grey fur also fascinatingly trimming the garment, with which its three-quarter length terminated. Of the embroideries on furs in tiny steel or jet beads, or in both intermingled with gold beads or gold thread, I have previously told you. These fur embroideries are used as vests or yokes or revers to fur or cloth coats. Few are the garments thus conspicuous in adornment, however; they are suitable exclusively for the carriage, and most of us like to wear our furs while walking on very cold days as well as while driving. There is a degree of danger in the possession of a fur wrap for walking; one is very apt to get overheated; but nothing else turns our special brand of east or north-east wind except fur, and on days when "rude Boreas, blustering ruler," is in a violent temper, furs are indispensable for due warmth to even the young and hardy. For slim figures, and for the ordinary uses of winter weather, the very best fur coat of the moment is a little Eton jacket reaching to the waist and fitting to the figure behind, with rather longer and looser ends in front—the everlastingly recurring bolero, in fact, translated into sealskin or caracul or sable; finished with wide revers, preferably in ermine, and with the new shaped storm-collar in the same fur as the revers. Ermine is greatly in favour to trim other furs, and also is worn in peleries; a high collar and a big bow, apparently tied under the chin, though in reality, of course, made up permanently, with long ends from the bow, composes the whole little addition to the costume. A nouveau art or other buckle is often added in the centre of the bow.

The latest in tall collars is called "l'Aiglon"; it fits closely round the throat, and then rolls over so as to turn outwards a little from the head. It is fashionable but foolish to have the revers and the front of the collar turn back before the centre of the throat, leaving a little space to be filled in with a lace jabot at the throat. Now certain great singers have made a practice of always exposing the

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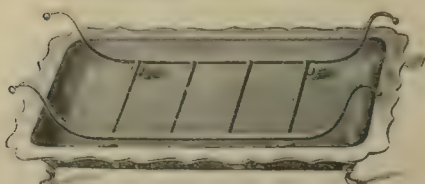
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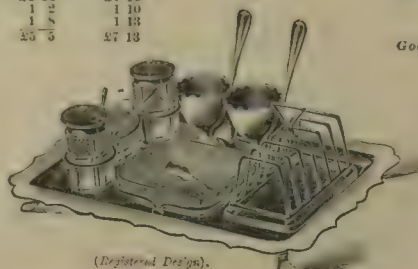
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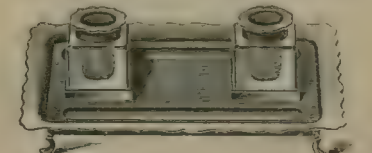
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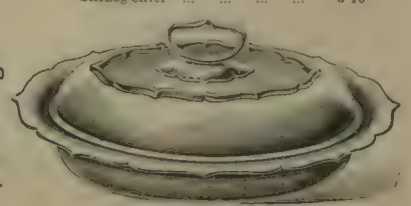
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The Mail and Express.

(NEW YORK.)

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

The Queen.

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the fashionable jewellery of the day."

Modern Art.

"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of novelty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

The Ladies' Gazette.

"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

"As to the designs of the Parisian Diamond Company, they are more beautiful than those into which real gems are wrought, and indeed it would be a clever expert who could tell them from real stones when they are set in exact the same way, only with far more variation and more art as to form."

Vanity Fair.

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of Diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."

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(BURLINGTON GARDENS END).

whole throat to the weather as a safeguard against chills. Mario kept his throat bared even to the Russian winter. But that course needs systematic practice, and also implies that the fur collar is worn low. It must be unwise to wear a high fur collar round the whole throat save and except just above the most delicate spot, the centre, where the sensitive vocal organs are placed; so my advice would be to have the fur collar close all round the throat, and to wear the lace tie, if desired, fastened on outside the protective fur. Short sac-coats in fur are coming in, and have small full sleeves set into a deep cuff.

A correspondent, using "St. Martin's Summer" as a pseudonym, asks for some counsel about the wedding arrangements for a woman of forty, not a widow. There is no reason why she should not wear white, if it be sufficiently favourable to her complexion; many quite elderly women find it becoming, and as far as propriety goes there is nothing to be said against it. If the bride cannot but be conscious, however, that she does not look young enough to support successfully the test of pure white, she could wear a pastel blue-grey or delicate mauve satin trimmed with plenty of creamy lace; or she could select a dainty pastel shade of face-cloth, mauve, pink, or blue, for her travelling-costume and wear it for the ceremony. As to bridesmaids, I should advise children, not young ladies; why submit to needless comparisons?

A box of delightful patterns, hailing from the White House, Dublin, the great depot for genuine Irish homespuns, made by hand by the peasant weavers and dyed with vegetable dyes, lies before me wide open, and being fittingly admired. I can speak of these refined and interesting materials from personal experience, having and several gowns made by the White House people for my own wear—a pastel blue-and-grey mixture, a purple, and a mixed grey and green, with a fleck of yellow, have successively enjoyed my patronage to my full contentment with looks and wear. The material is supplied by the yard, or the tailoring is done, if wished, from self-measurement forms, and the fit and finish are entirely satisfactory. The homespuns are everlasting wear, while the charge for a complete costume is only about two-thirds of that of a West-End ladies' tailor. The Duchess of York has had dresses from the White House, and her Majesty herself has purchased this characteristic Irish material, and ordered the manufacturers to be informed that she "adores the cloths very much." They are specially suited for coats and skirts, and make ideal golfing, cycling, and sporting dresses. Schoolboy garments, too, are very satisfactory in these materials. I advise my readers to send a post-card for a box of patterns.

Our illustrations show velvet dresses, that material being very much in vogue for smart gowns this season. The one finished by a chiffon bon is embroidered with silk cord and silver, and has a vest of cloth; hat in straw with black and white feathers. The other gown has a trimming of embroidered cloth from neck to feet, and a



A SMART VELVET GOWN.

fringed silk scarf, held in place with cameos; hat of velvet and plumes.

It was characteristic of the trend of modern opinion that a considerable number of the women of rank who had tickets for the memorial service at the Chapel Royal for Princess Christian's gallant son went in other than conventional "mourning" dress. It was surely not justifiable for the clergy to turn away all ladies who were not attired in the sable hue! The wearing of black as a sign of mourning is at most a matter of taste, and it is quite out of place to make it a Church ordinance. Indeed, is there not a "Church of England Mourning Reform Association"?

Convention is a strangely powerful force. It operates in amusing ways sometimes. In Japan, it seems, it has always been held that a woman who ascended a high mountain would be torn in pieces by the spirits who guard summits; and the Japanese women accordingly, perhaps not altogether believing the threat, have yet allowed it to prevent them from making the prohibited ascent. But now two young Japanese girls have ascended the great volcanic mountain that appears so often in the Jap pictures, Fusi Yama, and no convulsion of Nature has occurred. It reminds me of an equally heroic act performed by the first Christian Queen of Hawaii. There the tradition was that a woman must not approach a certain lake, and must also never be seen to eat! The Queen publicly visited the lake and ate a picnic meal on the shores. Of course, there also the defied convention did not immediately avenge the audacity. But the women who venture to put the threatened mischiefs to the test are none the less plucky, however absurd the notions be.

The Duchess of York, who has succeeded her late mother as President of the Needlework Guild, has made it known to the branches that, by kind permission of the Prince of Wales, the garments will again this year be shown before distribution at the Imperial Institute. This most useful womanly charity is now spread all over the country; it requires of each lady "associate" to purchase the materials for at least three garments and make them up in the course of the year; and many thousands of articles for the use of the poor are thus obtained to be distributed at Christmas through matrons of hospitals, the clergy, and other suitable channels. The Prince of Wales and others send useful men's garments too.

How interesting to know that the new Lady Mayoress is a poetess, and one of no insignificant order! I have read some very charming verse of her writing. The Queen of Italy also writes poetry. "Carmen Sylva" has had small happiness from her poetic temperament when placed on a throne, it is true—perhaps Queens had better be merely regal. In fact, all people with a turn for literature should sternly consider if they have not other inconsistent functions to perform, and then there would be fewer to be taken in by bogus "literary agencies" and literary "training by correspondence." FILomena.

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'What do we live for, if not to Make Life less difficult for each other.'—GEORGE ELIOT.

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill!

We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still."

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.—WHITTIER.

LIGHT WHEN THOU ELSE WERT BLIND!

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SOMETHING APPALLING!! MALARIAL FEVER!

'WHAT is TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE than REVOLUTION or WAR? OUTRAGED NATURE! SHE KILLS, AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED of KILLING, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that NATURE is ONLY CONQUERED by OBEYING HER. MAN has his COURTESIES in REVOLUTION and WAR. He SPARES the WOMAN and CHILD. But NATURE is FIERCE WHEN SHE IS OFFENDED; she SPARES NEITHER WOMAN NOR CHILD. SHE has NO PTY, for some AWFUL, but MOST GOOD REASON.'—KINGSLEY.

'FOUR MILLION PERSONS DIE ANNUALLY of FEVER, PRINCIPALLY MALARIAL, IN BRITISH INDIA ALONE, and if we take into consideration the numerous other dependencies situated in such UNLOVABLE PLACES AS THE GOLD COAST, the STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, NEW GUINEA, BRITISH GUIANA, HONDURAS, and the WEST INDIES, the TOTAL POPULATION struck down YEAR by YEAR by MORE or LESS PREVENTABLE fever must be SOMETHING APPALLING.'—Observer.

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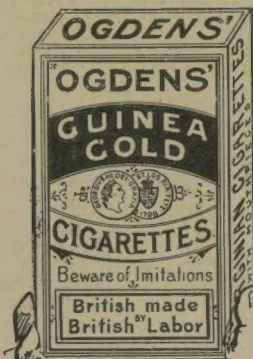
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 22, 1896), with two codicils (dated Jan. 4, 1899, and July 2, 1900), of Sir Hedworth Williamson, eighth Baronet, of Whitburn Hall, Sunderland, who died on Aug. 25, was proved on Oct. 15 at the Durham District Registry by Victor Alexander Williamson, the brother, and Alexander George McKenzie, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £302,736. The testator gives £1500 and an annuity of £300 to his wife; £10,000 each, upon trust, for his younger children, except those on whom he has already settled a like amount; £100 to his butler James Watling; an annuity of £32 10s. to the widow of his late gardener, Dobson; and he directs his executors to pay out of the profits of his quarry and lime business £250 per annum for four years to his younger children. These benefits for his wife and children are to be in addition to those they will receive under various settlements. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated June 19, 1900) of the Rev. Charles Walter Hudson, LL.D., J.P., of Montague House, Bridlington Quay, Yorks, who died on Oct. 4, was proved in London on Oct. 26 by Colonel James Hudson and the Rev. Bertram Darley, the nephews, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £67,851. The testator gives £1000 to the Rev. Bertram Darley; £1500 to his niece Florence M. Darley; £100 to Frederick

Handley; £20 to Lady Julia Middleton; £300 each to the wife of Colonel Hudson and his son Charles; £100 each to Gladys and Sybil Hudson; certain portraits and china to Alexander Wentworth Macdonald Bosville; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Colonel James Hudson.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1900) of the Right Hon. Charles, Baron Russell of Killowen, G.C.M.G., Lord Chief Justice, of 2, Cornwall Houses, Kensington, and Tadworth Court, Epsom, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Oct. 29 by Ellen, Lady Russell, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £149,202. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

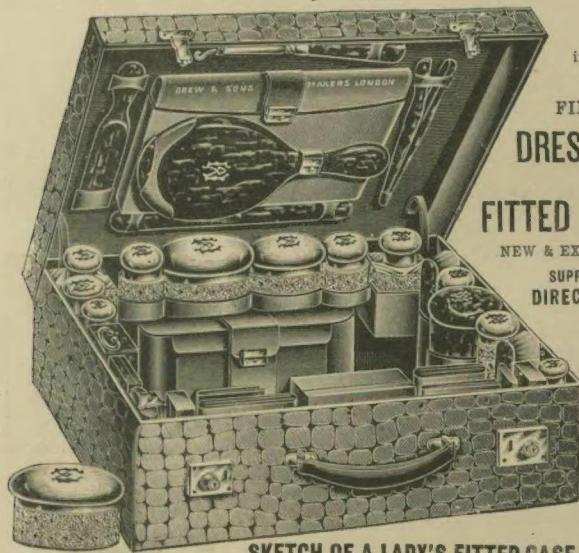
The will (dated May 9, 1894) of Mr. William Hearle Lyall, of 39, Beaufort Gardens, S.W., who died at Munich on Sept. 24, was proved on Oct. 26 by Mrs. Susan Henrietta Elizabeth Lyall, the widow, Henry Claud Lyall, the nephew, Admiral William Burley Grant, and William Noel Grant, the executors, the value of the estate being £57,900. The testator gives £500 and his household furniture to his wife; £100 each to his other executors, £100 each to the Superior of the Brompton Oratory and the Rector of the Society of Jesus, Farm Street, and the residue of his personal estate to his wife. He devises the freehold premises 39, Beaufort Gardens, to his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint, and in default thereof to his nephew Henry Claud. All the real estate in Essex devised to him by his mother, Mrs. Margaret Ann Lyall, he leaves to his wife for her life, and then to his nephews

Henry Claud and Charles Noel Lyall. Subject to the life interest of his wife, he appoints the stocks, funds, and securities over which he has a power of appointment under the will of his father, as to two thirds to his said two nephews, and the remaining one third, after the payment of legacies amounting to £300, to his nephews and nieces, the children of his brother George Lyall, and his sisters Mrs. Margaret Wynter and Mrs. Mary Forsyth, except his said two nephews Henry Claud and Charles Noel.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1899), with a codicil (dated March 31, 1900), of Mr. Matthew Edward Habershon, of Linden House, Leatherhead, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Oct. 24 by Edward Neston Williams Habershon, the son, Mrs. Alice Maud McIntyre, the daughter, and James Allan McIntyre, the executors, the value of the estate being £45,090. The testator gives an annuity of £100 to his sister Isabella Seymour; £300 and his plate and household effects to his wife, Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Habershon; £1000, three freehold houses at Emperor's Gate, South Kensington, and other property at Brighton and Tunbridge Wells, to his son; £300 and two houses at Emperor's Gate to his daughter; and £100 each to James Allan McIntyre, Mrs. M. B. Habershon, and Alice Harman. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third each to his son and daughter, and one third, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his son and daughter in certain shares.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1900) of Mr. Richard Smith, of 6, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, who died on

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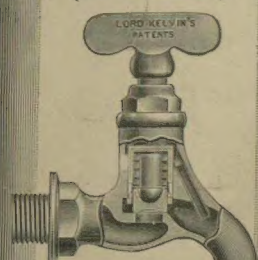
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MUSIC.

Mr. Donald Tovey gave his first of a series of four chamber-music concerts in St. James's Hall on Nov. 1. It was a very interesting one, for Mr. Tovey came before the public as a pianist of excellent performance and a composer of very great promise. Chamber-music is a much-neglected branch of musical composition; therefore one is glad to find in Mr. Tovey's work that there are original and often captivating melodies, together with a learned elaboration of technique, a mastery use of counterpoint. The construction of his trio in C minor, with which the concert began, is scholarly in its detailed work, which in no way hides from the most amateur and inattentive, or rather untrained, listener the beauty of its design. Especially worthy of attention is the theme of the largo and the andante of the finale. The trio is written for an unusual combination of instruments—the piano, clarinet, and horn. As a pianist, in his solos of four of Chopin's Etudes his playing was full of grace and delicacy of interpretation. His style is very quiet and quite free from affectation, and it is conceivable it might occasionally lack vigour; but it has the crowning graces of mastered technique and a beautiful touch. Lastly, Mr. Tovey appeared in the rôle of an author, for the programme prepared by himself was not the mere

dry bones of analysis, but a book of some forty-eight pages, full of quaint phrases and trenchant criticisms. Indeed, it somewhat distracted the attention of the audience, especially when, as Mr. Tovey pointed out, being printed on soft, rough paper, the pages could be turned noiselessly and not with the positive venom when rustling pages are turned with smartness and precision by a whole audience. Miss Marie Fillunger sang perfectly arias from Handel's "Tesco" and "Rodelinda," and three songs of Brahms. The chamber-music, which ended with Mozart's quintet in E flat, was excellently performed by Messrs. Tovey, Malsch, Draper, Borsdorf, and James. Mr. Tovey's three succeeding concerts on Thursdays in November will be, without doubt, very popular.

At the Steinway Hall Mr. Frederick Keel gave a vocal recital. He has a flexible, musical voice and a good method of singing, but his selection of songs was not a very happy one—the most pleasing ones after two by Richard Strauss were some Somersetshire folk-songs arranged by Lucy Broadwood. Miss Ellen Bowick recited very charmingly.

The Popular Concerts began their season on Nov. 3 with a placid quartet of Haydn written for two violins, a viola, and violoncello. Miss Adela Verne ambitiously attempted and carried through in a quiet, good style, but without much fire or force, Beethoven's "Appassionata."

Herr Halir, one of Joachim's best pupils, played Max Bruch's romance, and, with brightness, Brahms-Joachim's "Hungarian Dances," while Mr. Laurence Rea sang beautifully Brahms's "Die Mainacht."

The Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall are, unhappily, drawing to a close. On Saturday, Nov. 3, a new suite de ballet was played, composed by Mr. Landon Ronald, whose composition of songs is well known. It is his first work scored for an orchestra. The music of the six movements of the suite is always alluring and always refined, a combination that is no more lightly achieved in musical composition than in other matters. The orchestration was rich and full of colour, and it was safe in its interpretation with Mr. Wood's orchestra—an orchestra that is proudly holding its own with the finest European orchestras. On the preceding Wednesday another suite de ballet, from Glazounov's new ballet, "Les Ruses d'Amour," was also heard for the first time. This is one of the brightest and most graceful works that the Russian composer has given to us. "La Fricassée," the last movement, was the one most appreciated. On the same evening Schubert's Grand Symphony in C was played; the wind instruments alone, not being entirely faultless in time, prevented it being beyond criticism.

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